McKean County Miner.

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NEW IDEAS IN PAVING QUESTION.

Others are Taking Active Interest for Good Streets in Smethport.

MAY BE ABLE TO GET STATE AID.

It is Reported that Others Places are Getting It—The Matter will be Carefully Investigated.

While in conversation with a group of our citizens the other evening one gentleman stated that he understood that some of our neighboring towns are getting State aid for making permanent improvements on roads in boroughs and that, as he understood it, Smethport might be able to get assistance from the same source.

He stated that while on the train the other day he met and got into conversation with C. S. King, who is investigating the matter with the intention of getting permanent work done in Port Allegany, and that Mr. King was of the opinion, from information he had received, that boroughs could get State aid and that with curb and paving would not cost property owners much in excess of $1.00 per foot front of lot on our Main street. If so he says there is every reason to believe that Main street will be paved as soon as the appropriation from the State can be procured.

It is probably too late to get this old so that the work could be done this year, but if the above statements are correct in regard to getting State aid and the cost to property owners, it is almost absolutely certain that we will have a paved street in 1907.

We have written for further information on this subject and hope to be better prepared to give facts and figures in the near future.

Milk Route Purchased.

Yesterday a deal was made whereby Elisha K. Kane will become the owner of the Pleasant Valley milk route in Smethport which has been conducted by Dodge & Sherburne for the past several years. Mr. Kane will take possession on April 1. He has agreed to purchase all of the appliances of the milk route together with some of the cows. The deal does not include the Pleasant Valley dairy farm east of town.

In the meantime Mr. Kane will have suitable buildings erected on his farm west of this borough, and by the first of April will have everything in readiness to supply the people of Smethport with pure milk. It is also rumored that Mr. Kane is negotiating for the purchase of the Brennan farm west of town. This farm adjoins Mr. Kane's and would be a valuable acquisition and give him one of the finest farms in this county. We understand that H. S. Jones will have charge of the farm and milk route.

To Raise Money for New Church.

Rev. J. F. Dugan of St. Elizabeth's church has decided to hold a fair for the purpose of raising money for a new church to be erected on the site of the one destroyed by fire a year ago last December. This fair will be held at the Smethport Lyceum about the middle of February and should be most liberally patronized.

Mrs. Carrie Clark has offered to give a handsome diamond ring to the young woman who will get the most money on a subscription book for this purpose and Mrs. D. M. Sheehan and Miss Eva M. Zwergel have been selected to make this contest. Both have entered vigorously into the campaign and are making a good showing. The cause is a most worthy one and everybody should give his mite to help in the erection of a creditable church edifice.

"What Happened to Jones" was Good

A fair sized audience gathered at the Smethport Lyceum Monday evening to see that great laugh provoking comedy, "What Happened to Jones," by George H. Broadhurst and they were given a rare treat which will repaid them for their time and money.

There is no sign of a plot or a serious line in this pretty little comedy, but what it lacks in this way it fully makes up with some to spare for good measure in good, wholesome fun. Every character was well taken and, as every character is brimming full of clean comedy, the audience was kept in an unusually happy mood from the rise of the curtain in the first act till its fall in the last.

To Rent.

A house with all modern conveniences for small family. Inquire of
C. L. WILLEY.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

"Cork Carpet" for your office or den; or for your kitchen, ask at Lindholm's.

Clark's line of carriage heaters at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Hotel to Change Hands.

A deal has been consummated whereby Thomas H. Purtle will become proprietor of the Commercial Hotel on Monday next, he having purchased the stock and furnishings of the present proprietor, Frank L. Shelburne, and the real estate of Thomas E. Richmond, consideration about $8,000.

Tom Purtle has been a resident of this borough for the past 25 years and previous to that lived in various towns of this county, and having been extensively engaged in various business enterprises all this time is well and favorably known by a large number of people in this section. He is a hustler and is made of the right material for a successful hotel man. Mrs. Purtle is a capable woman and her part of the house will be well cared for.

Mr. Shelburne, the retiring proprietor, has not as yet decided what business he will enter, but as he is an energetic business man he probably will not be idle long. We sincerely hope he will decide to locate in Smethport for he is a man who is a benefit to any town.

Met Death by Gasoline Poisoning.

Lester M. Rice of Angelica, N. Y., died last Thursday as the result of gasoline poisoning which he suffered Monday night while at work at Bennetts, a few miles from the above named town. Mr. Rice was engaged in taking care of the gasoline engine which pumped water into the village reservoir. Just how the unfortunate accident occurred will probably never be known, but it is supposed that he became overcome from the gasoline fumes. He was found about 4:30 on Tuesday morning lying on the floor in an unconscious condition. Medical assistance was hurriedly summoned and all was done that was possible but without avail and after hours of the most intense suffering during which he did not gain consciousness he died at about 6 p. m. on Thursday.

Mr. Rice was a well-known and highly respected resident of Angelica, where he had lived nearly all his life. He was aged 36 years and is survived by a wife, four small children, father, three sisters, and three brothers. Mrs. Rice is a sister of Mrs. H. R. Henderson of this place.

How to get Antitoxine.

The newly created State Department of Health has established a system of free distribution of diphtheria antitoxin for those whose pecuniary circumstances are, in the opinion of the attending physicians, so restricted as to make the purchase of this valuable but costly remedy seriously burdensome. To this end distributing agents have been appointed in all the centers of population in the State to the number of five hundred. A condition of receiving State aid is that the attending physician through whose application the remedy is obtained, shall return to the Commissioner of Health on a form furnished for the purpose a brief clinical report containing such distinctive items of information as shall enable him to judge whether the system is being properly carried out and whether the results in the saving of life and the preventing of the spread of this usually very fatal disease, are such as to justify the continuance of the effort. L. K. Hogarth is the local distributing agent.

Turns the Tide.

The influence of newspaper advertising is wonderful. It makes the small store great. It turns the tide of business towards the advertised store as will nothing else. It places the name of the store so thoroughly in the minds of the people that they cannot think of dry goods, shoes etc., without the name of the advertised store coming into their minds simultaneously. By a good, persistent advertising campaign any business house can push its own way to the front. The best medium to use in your community is your local newspaper, as it goes to the people when their minds are easily impressed.—The Ad Writer.

More Business for Legislature.

A dispatch from Harrisburg dated Jan. 9, says: Governor Pennypacker to-day issued a proclamation amending his call for an extra session of the assembly to include several additional subjects for consideration of the legislators. First, to revise the laws relative to primary elections. Second, to establish the civil service system. Third, to designate the use to which moneys may be applied by candidates, political managers and committees of political campaigns. Fourth, to enable cities to combine under one municipality.

J. C. Sibley to Retire?

A dispatch from Washington dated Jan. 10, says: Friends of Joseph C. Sibley of Franklin, representative in congress from the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania district have been given to understand that Mr. Sibley will not be a candidate for re-election next fall. It is understood that Mr. Sibley has had enough of congressional life and now desires to retire from active public politics. When asked about the matter Mr. Sibley would not either confirm or deny the report.

Subscribe for the MINER.

MISS MAY SHAFFER in "THE TEMPTATION OF REGINE."

At the Lyceum, Friday, Jan. 12.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happenings in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Last night (March 23, 1881) the vault in the rear of the Prothonotary's office was entered and a tin box supposed to have contained fifty liers was forced open and its contents overhauled and scattered promiscuously. Luckily the box contained nothing but private papers belonging to the Messrs. Brawley. The would-be thief effected an entrance by forcing open the wood-n outside door, after which he had only to turn the key and unlock the iron door to the vault, the key having been left in the lock. The villain spoil his valuable time for nothing.

Mr. Sheridan E. Coles, one of the most gentlemanly of Elmira printers, and who has for some time been connected with the Smethport, Pa., MINER, was married on Wednesday evening last at Leona, Bradford county, to Miss Nora A. Stacey, an accomplished young lady of that place. The bride and groom arrived in Elmira yesterday to visit friends and relatives. The many friends of "Shade" extend congratulations and hope the "proofs" of his married estate may be as perfect as those of his profession. The above notice is clipped from the Elmira Gazette of March 23, 1881. The entire MINER force join in wishing the newly married couple all the joy conceivable, and predict for them a long life of unalloyed happiness.

Hafner—Fedder—At the Baptist parsonage, April 3, 1881 by Rev. W. C. Wilrise, Mr. John Hafner of Hamlin township to Miss Minnie Fedder of Buffalo, N. Y. John is one of the best fellows in the county, and he has shown his usual good sense in taking this important step. Of course he remembered the printer in a manner which made their hearts glad. We wish him and the lady of his choice their full share of the good things of this life and that to come.

Harris—In Keating township, on Monday, April 4, 1881, Claude W. Harris, died, aged 4 years, 11 months and 6 days.

Starkweather—Russet—At the residence of the bridegroom, in Coryville, on Wednesday, April 6, 1881, Mr. Frank Starkweather to Mrs. Jennie Russel.

Mr. H. N. Childs, an employe at Newman's steam saw mill at Larrabee, was fatally injured on Saturday, April 9, 1881; and died on the following Monday. He was endeavoring to stop the fall-wheel with a pike lever which was driven from his hold, hitting him across the bowels from which he received internal injuries, though at the time he was not considered dangerous, but suffered much pain. His wedding day was to have been on Sunday, the next day after he wished the ceremony to be performed and she, the bride, Miss Josephine Duryea, stood by his bedside and they were made man and wife by Oscar Carpenter, Esq., but the nuptial ties were of short duration as they only lasted twenty-four hours when they were severed by death.

Walter, youngest son of James McNulty, died of spinal meningitis at his home in this borough on Friday morning, April 8, 1881.

Tyler—Chamberlain—At the house of the bride's parents in East Valley, by Rev. A. Bronson, April 17, 1881, Mr. Charles P. Tyler, of Larrabee, Pa., and Miss Ella K. Chamberlain.

(From a long account of the silver wedding of Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Freeman, which was celebrated Aug. 17, 1881, the following extracts are taken.) Two hundred Chinese lanterns cast a mellow light over the beautiful grounds and enveloped the spacious pavilion which had been prepared for the dancers in subdued and dreamy splendor. A band of music from Buffalo filled the air with the harmony of sweet sounds, and made one almost feel that he was transported to some fairy land where life was a continual round of joy. There was no lack of "fair women and brave men." The aged and matron were there, looking their brightest and best. It would be invidious to describe a single costume since space forbids us to do them all justice. Suffice it to say that many an elegant train swept the rich carpets, and many a fair one shone with jewels. * * The table was loaded with everything the most fastidious could desire, and ornamented with a pyramid of flowers, reaching nearly to the ceiling. During the evening Miss Hoffer of Buffalo, sang with the guitar, "'Tis Midnight's Hour," and Mr. Hyde of Washington, gave the company several selections, all of which were greatly enjoyed. The presents, too numerous to be mentioned in detail, were the rarest and best of their kind. Conspicuous among them, was an ice cream set of solid silver spoons, tinted with gold and richly chased, presented by Gen. Kane; two magnificent vases presented by George Hall of Cleveland; a fine silver server presented by J. E. Bergtold of Buffalo; a set of gold tinted silver jelly spoons presented by H. W. White of Cleveland; two silver nut holders, gold lined, and a dozen silver knives with pearl handles, presented by Pratt & Co. of Buffalo.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 6, 1906:

Harry Card, Mrs. Hasnal Hockenberry, Charles Lloyd, Mrs. E. Reynolds, Philander Richardson, Gladys Sunderlin.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Cutters and Sleighs for Sale.

I have a full carload of Michigan sleighs of different sizes for lumbering purposes, and a nice line of cutters and sleighs. All are new and of the latest designs. Prices are reasonable.

E. T. DALY,
Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

A farm containing 25 acres and one of the best kept farms in this section, with good buildings for all purposes. A nice selection of fruit bearing trees and well water. For particulars, price, etc., inquire of A. L. PROVIS,
Farmers Valley, Pa.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 48 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Did you ever have "Foot-ease?" Then try Queen Quality Shoes at Lindholm's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

"The Temptation of Regine."

Probably there is no American author and dramatist whose efforts have been more appreciated than those of Mr. Jean Barrymore. His success as a writer has placed him among the most eminent of playwrights, but his latest success, "The Temptation of Regine," in which he is starring this season, and in which he will be seen at the Smethport Lyceum, on Friday evening, Jan. 12, 1906, has rightly been pronounced by critics to be his master effort. It is a play of extreme merit and from the very first act to the final one, carries the audience along as the thread is gradually unwoven and the plot reveals itself. However, it is not until the last act that the true character of the heroine stands out and the gentle theme and moral is made evident. The play is such a pleasing departure from the many that have been seen here this season, that it is positively refreshing. The time dates back to the time of Frederick, the Great, and is laid on the Prussian border. The very doors of the home of the Prussian Courts are thrown open and the intrigues of royalty laid bare as the temption of Regine becomes apparent. There is nothing suggestive in the lines of the play, but on the contrary, many of them carry with them a homely and truthful sermon.

It is generally supposed, that a play in which a woman is tempted that the temptation carries with it a certain sense of suggestiveness. With Regine this is absent. It is only a question as to her loyalty to her royal country or friendship for her country's foe. The play is strong, superbly mounted and handsomely costumed.

Herald Square Stock Co.

The Herald Square Stock Co., which appears in the Smethport Lyceum for an entire week commencing Monday, January 15, has received flattering notices where they have appeared. The following extract from the Fredonia, N. Y., Herald is a fair example: The Herald Square Stock Co., now playing their second week's engagement at the Grand Opera House is giving the best of satisfaction and playing to big houses nightly. Monday night "Man to Man" was presented which pleased the large audience present. Miss Lillian Evans in the lead part was excellent, displaying magnificent gowns. Miss Lucena Ashmore, the charming soubrette, established herself at once with the audience. Miss Julia York, in character songs, took the house by storm. A. L. Fanshawe is an actor of experience and ability. W. C. Turner, in the heavy roles, earned the hisses of the audience and played the cool calculating villain to the life. Harry J. Russel, as the irrepressible Irishman, is an actor par excellence, and he had a part which suited his talents. He is without doubt one of the most delightful comedians in any stock organization, and his dry humor and thorough knowledge of his vocation stamps him as a valuable member of any company. The other members of the company filled their parts in an able manner.

An Editor's Prayer.

The editor of a neighboring exchange went to church the other Sunday night and was called on to lead in prayer, when he said: Almighty and kind Father, who doth from thy throne look down on the government of men and delinquent subscribers. Most humbly we beseech thee to draw near unto Thee and whisper a few things in their ears that the statutes forbid us to utter. Thou knowest our wants, but the subscriber knows it them not and seldom stops to inquire.

Thou knowest, Lord that our paper and ink cost money, but the subscribers knoweth it not, and careth a darn sight less. Thou knowest we are cold, and the subscriber bringeth not the wood he promised; and we shiver and shake while he roasteth his shins before the red hot stove of his mother-in-law.

Tell him all things, Lord, and if he then faileth and bring no succor, banish him to regions below to dwell with calamity howlers, and thine shall be the glory and praise throughout our newspaper career. Amen.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m., on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

WANTED—Capable hustlers to engage in the tea and coffee business. No capital required. Splendid inducements to right party. For full particulars address The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co., 85 W. Long Ave., DuBois, Pa.

WANTED—To appoint resident agts. in McKean county to represent our full line of lightning rods. For full particulars address Hum & Leatherman, 103 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED — Bright, honest young man from Smethport to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service. Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Holmes & Gilfillan's robes may interest you.

KILL HUMAN WRECKS.

Dr. Chas. Eliot Norton Comes Out Boldly For Euthanasia.

Dr. Charles Eliot Norton of Cambridge, Mass., a month or two just made public, comes out boldly in favor of killing all the hopelessly insane, diseased or injured, the wrecks of humanity.

"There is no pretense," says Dr. Norton, "to hold every human life as inviolably sacred and to be preserved no matter with what results to the individual or to others. On the contrary, the only lives to which every reasonable consideration urges that the end should be put

"Setting aside all doubtful cases, no right thinking man would hesitate to give a dose of laudanum, sufficient to end suffering and life together, to the victim of an accident from the torturing effects of which recovery was impossible however many hours of misery might be added to conscious life by stimulants or surgical operations. Nor should a man hesitate to hasten death in the case of a mortal disease, such, for example, as cancer when it has reached the stage of incessant severe pain and when the patient desires to die.

"The prolongation of life in such a case, by whatever means, is mere criminal cruelty. Or take another instance, that of an old person whose mind has become a chaos of wild imaginations, productive of constant distress not only to the sufferer, but to all who love and attend him. The plain duty in such a case is not to endeavor still to shorten life."

Dr. Norton, who was formerly professor of literature at Harvard, entitles his letter "An Appeal to Reason as Well as Compassion," and addresses it to Miss Anne S. Hall of Cincinnati.

Miss Hall during the meeting of the American Humane Association in Philadelphia last October presented resolutions calling for approval "of the practice of physicians, who in cases of hopeless make painless the last hours of life by anaesthetics," and protesting against "the practice of prolonging by artificial means the agonies of incurable disease." The resolutions also called for the adoption by railroads of recommendations by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, providing for the killing by anaesthetics of the hopelessly injured and imprisoned victims of railroad wrecks or other accidents. The resolution was defeated, but Miss Hall is continuing her campaign vigorously, and the Norton letter, it is thought, will give much impetus to work.

High Compliment to a Hartford Insurance Company.

John M. Holcombe, president of The Penenix Mutual Life Insurance company of Hartford, Connecticut, recently received a high compliment for himself and for his company. The counsel for the Insurance Investigating committee invited Mr. Holcombe to suggest to the committee needed legislation in New York state with reference to New York state life insurance companies. This shows the high esteem in which Mr. Holcombe is held and the place his company occupies in the insurance world.—From the Albany Evening Journal, Dec. 29, '05.

A letter to Fitch & Ramsey, general agents of this company, dated January 4, 1906, says:

Gentlemen:—The books were closed for the annual statement of the company on the last business day of December. The careful writing up of the various accounts and the valuation of outstanding policies will of necessity consume some weeks, but in the meantime it will be interesting to you to know in a general way what has been the result of your labors for the past year, and some of the particulars of the annual statement which can be estimated at this time.

The new business which you have produced has been somewhat larger than we anticipated at the beginning of the year, and while in some sections there has been a very marked increase, yet there has been some advance in most of the general agencies.

The new business written shows an increase compared with the year before of about $2,400,000, or 17 per cent. The outstanding insurance now represented by not less than 54,000 policies and $80,000,000 in insurance. The premium income was over $3,500,000, and the total income over $4,100,000. The death claims during the year amounted to $1,070,000. The total assets are somewhat in excess of $20,200,000.

The financial strength of the company cannot be questioned, and of all the various criticisms of life insurance management which have been made during the past year, not one has touched this company. The detailed statement will be prepared as soon as possible and given to you in the usual form.

Yours very truly,
JOHN M. HOLCOMBE,
President.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

Holmes & Gilfillan's are headquarters for Winslow skates.

TWO IN THE CAB

By CLARA TAYLOR

Copyright, 1905, by E. C. Parcells

Far down in the valley a headlight gleamed, and Carl Wilbur turned to his fireman.

"Here she comes, Jim," he announced.

"Something's the matter," declared Jim; "she's running."

"That's what we'll be doing in half an hour," laughed Carl. "It's not often that we have the honor of pulling the president and whole board of directors. The old girl will have to do us proud tonight."

He glanced affectionately at the huge locomotive panting on the siding. It was one of the newest on the division, and with the five cars making up the president's special it would be better than a mile a minute most of the way after the "eight" had been passed.

The Haven section was on the south slope of the divide, and once in dropping down the grade they had to make a complete figure eight in order to make the turn properly about the spur of Mount Diavolo. Carl was lost in speculation as to just how far he could extend the leviathan, and not until Jim leaned out from the platform in front of the pilot did the latter realize that Carl was facing toward the approaching train.

"I was talking about Susie," he laughed. "Wondered why you called her the 'old girl.'"

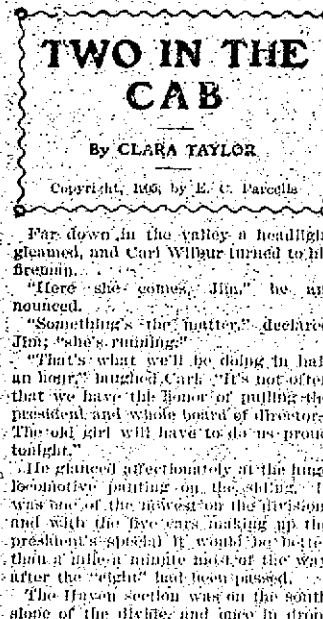
Carl faced about just as a slip of a girl in a faded print dress came running down beside the track. He hastened toward her with a cry. Her face wore the look of some hunted creature.

"I can't stand it any longer, Carl," she panted — she half stumbled, half threw herself into his arms. "I want you to take me away."

"Next week, dear," he soothed as he patted the curly head resting upon his shoulder. "Help it for a week until I can get my layoff and we'll slip off to Haven and get married. You can wait that long, can't you?"

"Go back there?" the girl shuddered. "She would kill me, Carl."

"It's not as bad as that, is it?" he asked. For answer she drew back the



IT WAS GORDON, THE PRESIDENT, WHO BROKE THE SILENCE.

tattered sleeve from the slender white arm. Three livid welts told their own story of stepmother's abuse.

"Did she strike you?" he asked, smothering an oath.

"She found out about that ride in the cab, last week, and she said she would kill me." Even the recollection of that awful scene brought the tears afresh.

Carl turned to Jim. "If this was the regular run," he said, "I could get Baxter to take her in the car, and it would be all right. We could get married in Haven without a license, and then I could — by Jove, Hammond!"

"Bless me! I'll be in Haven by noon!" objected Jim. "Only seven is the first train — Ain't you got a flier you can take her in?"

"No," replied Carl. "We'll have to take her in the cab."

"Remember what Carlton told you last week," reminded Jim. "Don't you dare put the girl there the first time you let her ride in the cab he'll fire you."

"I don't care," protested Carl. "I'll take her out of the way or not load if I never handle a throttle again."

Susie, who knew Carl had got into trouble for letting her ride on the engine with him, looked up protestingly. "I'll stay, dear," she said quietly. "I'm not afraid. Maybe some one will take me in."

Carl, thought of the terror in which Mrs. Hammond was held in the town and shook his head, but, despite his regret, Susie shook her head. She was trembling with fright, but she would not let her be kept out of trouble. He had been ten years working for the passenger run. This one trip would spoil it all.

She was still protesting when the special came panting up the grade, and the two heavy engines were uncoupled and run on to a siding, while 650 puffed leisurely down to take the train. She walked down the track beside the engine and stood beside the cab as it was coupled on.

Adams was waiting at the telegraph window for his orders from the dispatcher, and now he came toward the engine. "All right," he shouted as he handed up the yellow tissue. "Clear track all the way to Haven. Not going to take her, are you?" he added as his glance fell upon the girl.

It was Susie who answered that she was not going, and Adams turned toward the rear of the train.

He had just given the signal to pull out when down the road came the swaying figure of a woman crazed with anger. One glance told Carl that it was Mrs. Hammond, and without a word he reached down to where Susie was standing and with a powerful jerk lifted her into the cab, while at the same moment he threw over the lever. There was an answering snort from the engine, which drowned the cry of the baffled woman, and the train moved out.

The locomotive was of the Mother Hubbard type, with the engineer's cab well forward over the tremendous boiler. As soon as he was under way Carl helped Susie over to the other side of the boiler and then glued his eyes to the track ahead.

There were ten miles at a slow speed as they dropped down the side of the mountain, but once the "eight" was passed it would be clear running. Meanwhile it would take all of his nerve to hold back the train and keep from going into the "eight" at such a speed that the engine would leave the track.

They had gone half of the distance and were running through the cutting when a loosened stone fell from the side and crashed through the window and struck Carl full upon the head. He fell back stunned, and as he did so the lever was thrown over, and 650 bounded ahead under a full head of steam.

With a scream of terror Susie climbed over the boiler again and stooped over her almost unconscious lover, endeavoring to stanch the flow of blood that made a line across his face. With trembling hands he forced her away.

"The eight!" Running away! Stop!" he gasped.

In a flash she grasped his meaning. The engine under a full head of steam was bounding down the side of the mountain straight toward the dreaded figure eight. It was impossible for the fireman to climb over to the cab at the speed they were going. She must act quickly if she would save them.

In her rides in the cab she had learned the use of the various levers and cocks, and once or twice Carl had let her hold the throttle along a straight stretch. Now she grasped the throttle and pulled it over. She knew that to attempt to check the speed too suddenly would be as bad as to let it continue. With white face and set teeth, she worked at the throttle until the speed gradually slowed, and just as the "eight" came into sight she realized that at last she had the powerful engine under command.

She brought the machine to a stop, and Adams came running forward. "Service run right!" he shouted as he sped along the track. "Got rabbiting with your sweetheart and let the engine get away from you. Else sort of engineer to be trusted with the special. You'll be on the carpet for this!"

He came to a stop as he climbed into the cab and at a glance comprehended the tableau he saw there. He knew something of Carl's story, and that put him the rest while Susie, all unconscious of the sensation she had made, bent over the form of her lover.

When at last she had brought him back to consciousness and stepped to the door of the cab to go in search of water she found the entire party standing beneath her.

It was Gordon, the president, who broke the silence.

"Young woman," he said severely, "it is against the rules of this road for visitors to ride on the engines. I shall have to ask you to come back into my private car. The fireman says he can run the engine and Adams will fire for him, so as soon as we move Wilbur back there we will go on. I might add that we have discharged Wilbur for violation of orders, but on account of his wife to be we are going to make him division superintendent. Of course he broke the rules, but I, for one, am rather glad of it."

With an impulsive gesture, Susie sprang forward and planted a kiss directly beneath the grizzled mustache. "So am I," she said quietly.

The Escorial.

The Escorial is to Spain what St. Denis is to France, the burial place of kings. Built by Philip II., it was begun in 1567 and finished in 1584. The king lived there for fourteen years and died there in 1598, finding the place congenial for his gloomy temperament. The French stripped the convent of much of its golden ornaments in 1808 and did irreparable damage to the interior, afterward repaired as far as possible by Ferdinand VII. The elms with which the slopes below the edifice are planted were brought from England in the reign of the Bloody Mary. It stands 2,700 feet above sea level and is exposed to gales so furious that they once, it is said, hoisted an ambassador, coach and all, into the air and whirled the lords of the bedchamber round and round the courtyard like dead leaves.—Westminster Gazette.

The Height of Waves.

It is usual in other places than novels to hear of waves running mountains high, but in reality the mountains of the sea are by no means steep and only appear so when two systems of waves meet, as in a choppy sea, and add their amplitudes. For example, as is shown in a series of wave measurements lately undertaken by the French government, the highest normal waves encountered in the southern Pacific are not more than fifty-three feet high from crest to base of trough. These are in a sense the waves of greatest known amplitude. The distance between their crests is 1,000 feet. Waves of the north Atlantic are normally 528 feet from crest to crest and twenty-six feet high. —London Post.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

POETS IN DREAMLAND

WORK DONE OR IMAGINED WHILE WRAPPED IN SLUMBER.

Stories of Sublime Verse That Was Born During Sleep Only to Die In the Waking of the Author—The Gem That Coleridge Lost.

In Sir Mountstuart Dutts "Notes From a Diary" it is related that the late Lord Lytton, when viceroy of India, had repeated to his guests on one occasion a poem which he professed to have composed when asleep:

There are boating and sailing
And fishing for grayling
Where the blue waves roll nightly on
deep Galilee.
But sweeter the places
Where aldermen's braces
Are sold for boot laces in bonnie Dundee.

The diarist ventured to doubt whether the viceroy was not trying to impose on the credulity of his friends a suspicion which will be shared by most readers.

Still, whether these lines were dreamed or not, there can be no doubt that one of the most curious sections of the whole subject of dream work is that which relates to the comparative value of work done or imagined in sleep. No experience is more general than the waking from a particularly vivid dream only to find that in the very process of waking the whole vision, apparently so real and strong for a brief moment, vanishes beyond recall. This dissolving touch of psychical or dream life is like the contact of the air with a long entombed, well preserved human body suddenly exposed to the light of day. While the tomb openers gaze upon the features so strangely preserved from a long past day the touch of the air does its work, and the relic of humanity crumbles to dust.

A strange point about the difficulty in keeping in mental grip of a dream is that, although no detail can be remembered, an impression remains which in cases that have been tested has often turned out to be quite incorrect. It is related by Mickle, the Scottish poet, best known as the translator of the Portuguese epic, the "Lusiad" of Camoens, that he always regretted he could not remember the poetry which he composed in his sleep. It was, he said, so infinitely superior to anything he could produce in his waking hours. One morning on waking he was lamenting as he had so often done before, that he should be conscious of having composed such sublime poetry and yet be unable to recall a word of it. "What!" said his wife, who happened to be awake, "Were you writing poetry?" "Yes," he replied, "and such poetry that I would give the world to remember it." "Well, then," said she, "I'll be lucky hear the last lines, and I am sure I remembered them exactly. They were:

"For he was a jolly good fellow
That can read and can write his name."

Mr. Mickle was probably cured of his habit of improvisation.

The late Lewis Carroll noted in his "Diary" that he once heard Tennyson relate that he had often dreamed long passages of poetry and believed them to be good at the time, but could never remember any of them of waking except four lines, which he dreamed at ten years old, and these were the moving verses:

May a rock sparrow
Write to a hen sow?
I hope you'll excuse
My infantile muse.

This, as the diarist remarks as an unpublished fragment of the late laureate, may be thought interesting, but not affording much promise of his after powers." On the same occasion Tennyson told his hearers that he once dreamed an enormously long poem about fairies, which began with very long lines that gradually got shorter and ended with fifty or sixty lines of two syllables each!

On the other hand, poets have occasionally found their dreams of service. Southey in a letter to his brother says: "I forgot my dreams and have no Daniel to help out my recollection, and if by chance I do remember them unless they are instantly written down the impression passes away almost as lightly as the dream itself." But he goes on to say that one or two of his dreams were noted at the time and were afterward incorporated in scenes of his now little read poem, "The Curse of Kehama." And then, of course, there is the familiar story of Coleridge falling asleep one summer afternoon in a quiet farmhouse after reading about the Khan Kubla in Purchas' "Pilgrimes," composing several hundred lines in the course of a three hours' sleep, waking, and at once beginning to write them down, only to be interrupted at the fifty-fourth line by a visitor—that "person from Porlock" whose memory is execrated by all lovers of poetry—with the result that on returning to his desk an hour later the poet found that the rest of his dream verse had failed from his memory. "Kubla Khan" remains a melodious fragment, but if the "person from Porlock" had only lost his way or had come a grief sufficient to cause a relapse of an hour or two, we might have had a completely beautiful poem.—London Globe.

Nature Mother Used.

The first woman in marketing for the first time ordered a generous number of eatables, and the next on her list was eggs. "I shall want a dozen," she said.

"Will you have case eggs?" asked the clerk.

"Really, I don't know," answered the girl, wrinkling her pretty forehead. "If I recollect, mother always used hens' eggs."—New York Press.

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.—Arabian Proverb.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME

The Defense of Murderers Intoxicated When Deed Is Committed.

Drunkenness as a defense for murder can be reduced to the plain statement that a drunken man bent on commission of crime is as dangerous to the individual against whom his efforts are directed as is the man who is sober.

The argument that murder or any other breach of the law should be condoned because the accused admits he had been drinking to excess for a considerable time before the crime was committed may appear reasonable, but is it? Manifestly the man was in possession of his faculties before he began drinking, and if he continued the debauch until such time as he believed he had some right to take the life of another there can be little excuse for his act.

But it is not so much in the decision of one case that the danger lies. If the courts are to take as argument for acquittal the word of a man charged with felony that he is irresponsible because it was committed while he was drunk, the possibilities are dangerous. What is to prevent every deliberate murderer from hiding behind this defense, as so many of them have hidden behind the ruling of a court that there is emotional insanity? Is it not possible, if one man is acquitted of crime, or his sentence is made nothing more than a few years' confinement, because the crime was an act done while he was under the influence of liquor, that it will serve to increase the number of felonies of that character?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ERYSIPELAS.

Treatment That Is Said to Be Speedy and Effective.

A medical authority says: I would like to state that I consider that one may get absolute control over erysipelas generally within three days by a very simple treatment. Of 100 cases of ordinary facial erysipelas treated I should not expect more than three that would not yield within three days, very likely within forty-eight hours, with the simplest antiseptic treatment.

My custom is always to treat cases of that sort by the application during alternate hours of the day and evening of a mild solution of carbolic acid in alcohol and water as an evaporating lotion. It is only in very exceptional cases that the disease is not almost completely under control and has disappeared within forty-eight hours, but after three days it would be extraordinary if by this means every vestige of the disease has not disappeared.

This has been my treating in erysipelas for many years. I have never known it to fail. I have never given a drop of liquor internally. I treat that I have absolute control over the disease. I am speaking now of ordinary erysipelas, not the deep seated phlegmonous erysipelas, of course. The strength of the solution used is as follows: Carbolic acid, one dram; alcohol, four ounces; water, four ounces.—Health.

A Resourceful Reptile.

An example of rare animal intelligence was related by the French explorer G. Mingaud. This noted scientist had caught a water adder, which he placed in a wire cage. The snake began at once to try to effect an escape between the wire bars, but got no farther than her head and neck, which protruded through the interstices. At last the reptile, weary of its futile efforts, lay down on the bottom of the cage, and Mingaud observed it go into apparently useless convulsions. But the snake knew what it wanted. Not more than a minute had passed before it gave up its breakfast of the morning in the form of a lizard about four inches long. A moment later the adder was again at the bars of the cage and this time had no difficulty in crawling through.

Poison In Java.

The natives in Java have a natural poison to aid them in avenging themselves against their enemies. It is a strong fluid found in the bark of the upas tree. The bark is over an inch thick and is very spongy. A drop of the fluid on the skin causes intense irritation. A private revenge is satisfied by hiding a cup of this fluid in the room of the enemy, and then the avenger flees, for well he knows that by morning his victim will have crossed the high divide. The fluid produces stupor, which finally ends in death.

An Indian Rifle Maker.

A rifle maker in India has an apparatus consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.

Her Discovery.

"My grandfather was a regular bibliomaniac," observed Blowhard.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Miss Cutting. "I knew some one of your ancestors was crazy, but I didn't know what form it had taken."—Detroit Free Press.

Just Suited Her.

"How did you enjoy Mrs. X.'s reception, my dear?"

"Oh, splendid! I never saw such a failure."—Boston Transcript.

Tenacious.

"Did the minister die resigned?"

"Not him. He died, but blamed if we could get him to resign."—Cleveland Leader.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE SOUTHERN COYOTE.

Habits of This Cunning Animal Described by President Roosevelt.

These southern coyotes or prairie wolves are only about one-third the size of the big gray timber wolves of the northern forests. They are to a certain extent grown horse-killers, but prefer young calves and kill sheep as well as any small dog; in fact, they can get at.

They hang well over from the neighborhood of any camp, like elves, and prowl around the outskirts of it, trying to get a feed of bacon rind, which more than anything else seems to tempt them. After dinner, when the hunters have their backs turned, they dart in and seize the bones, which they crack with their powerful jaws. They are familiar enough to all who live on the plains. The [illegible] have been known to [illegible] a tent in search of food, and I have had them [illegible] my head. As regards these particular litters, the father seemingly had nothing to do with taking care of or supporting the family.

I am not able to say whether this was accidental or whether it is a rule that only the mother lives with and takes care of the litter. I have heard contrary statements about the matter from hunters who should know. Unfortunately I have learned from long experience that it is only exceptional hunters who can be trusted to give accurate descriptions of the habits of any beast save such as are connected with its chase.

Coyotes are sharp, wary, knowing creatures, and on most occasions take care to keep out of harm's way.—From "A Wolf Hunt in Oklahoma," by Theodore Roosevelt, in Scribner's Magazine.

A Little Ambiguous.

Mr. Gilbert was much bothered by young, unknown authors, who sent him their published work for his judgment. So his secretary was instructed to use this phrase: "Mr. Gilbert returns thanks. He is sorry that he will lose no time in perusing it."

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hartshorne.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—T. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Beltzhoover, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Commissary—S. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doyle, Bradford.
Com'rs Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport, W. J. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, [illegible], Sheridan Gorton, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Cloyle, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Lytle.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 380, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARNES, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
R. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.
Mrs. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Sunday; Warrior's degree 2nd Sunday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on 1st Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 2 o'clock p. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 20, 1905.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:30 a m week days.
For Larrabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:38 p m week days.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
D. I. ROYD, General Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 m. and 6:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:30		6:15
Mt. Jewett	9:45	1:05	6:35
Kane	9:55	2:55	6:50
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	7:00		4:05
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:05	5:06
	a. m.		p. m.

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 7:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.
Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. and Penna. R. R.
A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern
Effective Nov. 26, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
6:05	3:45	Hornellsville	Ar	10:35	5:30	
6:05	3:50	Arkport		10:25	5:25	
		Canaseraga				
6:47	5:36	Hornellsville Jc		9:44	4:57	
6:54	5:12	Canaseraga		9:07	4:30	
6:58	5:18	Garwoods		9:02	4:25	
7:10	5:30	Swains		8:48	5:16	
7:25	5:47	Birdsall		8:29	4:57	
7:30	9:38	Angelica		8:08	3:33	
8:22	10:27	Friendship		7:27	2:46	
8:40	10:45	Bolivar		7:05	2:28	
9:30	11:35	Olean		6:22	10:25	
9:37		Eldred			9:40	
9:50		Lordville			9:28	
9:55		Smethport			9:10	
9:58		Mt. Jewett			9:10	
9:56	1:23	St. Marys		A 9:30	10:20	
	10:07	Shawmut			7:31	
	A 10:12	Trackwayville			L 7:26	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:50	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A 10:25	3:02	6:35
3:30	11:00	7:25	Perkinsville	10:20	2:50	6:22
3:43	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:49	6:45
3:47	11:17	7:38	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:00	2:36	6:26
			Farnes			
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09	A Hornellsville	L 9:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
A—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.
A. M. LANE, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'y Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9-
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'ld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.49	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.45
6.43	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.19	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.18	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
E. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.
The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.
The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.
The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65
The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

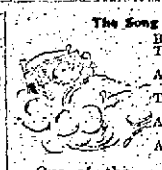
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

The Song of the Cradle.



Bye, bye! Hoborineshigh:
There's a sweet little cradle hung up in the sky!
A dear little life that is coming to bless;
Two soft chubby hands that will pat and caress:
A pure little soul winging down from above;
A darling to care for, a baby to love.

One of the grandest agencies which enlightened Science has discovered to relieve motherhood from excessive suffering is the "Favorite Prescription" devised by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y.

This wonderful "Prescription" imbues the entire nervous system with natural, healthy vitality; gives elastic vigor to the delicate organism specially concerned in motherhood, and makes the coming of baby entirely free from danger and almost free from pain.

"I wish to state that I have used Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription with very good results," writes Miss Katie M. Annis, of Hudson, New Hampshire. "Had been in poor health for over four years and had been twice in the hospital. My husband brought some of your Favorite Prescription, and it has carried me easily through my last two confinements. We are now blessed with two healthy children, and I am sure your medicine has done me more good than all the other treatment I have ever received."

BAD HEADACHES generally arise from bad stomachs. Foul breath, bitter taste, coated tongue, sour eructations or belching of gas, are common symptoms though not all present in every case. To cure, take small doses, only one or two each day, of old Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the Original Little Liver Pills, first put up by him over 40 years ago. One or two a laxative, three or four cathartic.

THE BIG STORE.

I have the best GAS LIGHT ever shown in Smethport for 75c complete

CALL AND SEE IT.

Also full line of HARDWARE, GAS STOVES and RANGES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, CAST ALUMINUM WARE that will last a lifetime.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 11, 1906

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—D. C. Young has a new and interesting advertisement in this issue.

—A "Quarter off Sale" is advertised by the Lindholm Company this week. Some rare bargains are offered.

—The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Saturday, Jan. 13, at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel. Members are urged to be present and visitors are welcome.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford keeps gaining in numbers and popularity. Graduates of this school are in demand and he cannot fill all the calls he has for office help.

—Rev. Robert McCastlin, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Emporium, died at that place on Sunday of last week. He was aged 60 years and is survived by a wife and nine children.

—Alice Roosevelt will wear her own mother's wedding gown when she becomes the bride of Congressman Longworth in February. This will probably become a fad and all the brides will begin to save their wedding garments for brides-to-be a generation hence. What a blow at the dressmakers.

—Some of you fellows who never had a million dollars like we editors, do not know of course of what a big pile consists. We will put you on. When you have a million dollars in bills and pile them flat upon one another and want to take one of them off the top you will have to reach up 375 feet. If you laid them end to end you would have to walk 11½ miles. If you had that amount in silver the pile would be 2½ miles high, and so on. We know because we tried it the other night, but the blamed slat broke and we woke up. —Penfield Press.

—It is said on good authority that the Pennsylvania Railroad company will shortly issue a mileage book similar to that in use on some other roads good for one or more persons. It will be a big accomodation to families and will be sold at $20 each; without the extra $10 deposit now required of all purchasers of mileage books. The new book, it is said, will be good on lines within the boundary of the state. It is not known when the new book will be issued, but it is understood that they will be offered for sale in the very near future.—Meadville Messenger.

China's New Year.

China's new year is governed by the phases of the moon and falls in the early days of February. It is called "congding fayyeng" and is a great festival of both commercial and religious affairs. All debts are religiously paid. It is an important article of his creed that no right minded Chinaman can enjoy the sacred festival if he have debts that any effort can wipe out. The more a man will scrape his family for weeks to meet his obligations, and feel not satisfied he will become a leper and a highwayman to accomplish the end. As the old year closes the Chinese have their great family feasts, with all the addresses to the spirits of their dead ancestors, whom they accredit for success. The loyal son in a Chinese land will make every effort to reach the parental roof in time to join in the pious act of worship. This new year feast is to the Chinaman what the Passover is to the orthodox Jew.

Elizabeth's New Year's Gifts.

It was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the custom of making New Year's gifts was at its zenith. In fact, the virgin queen depended upon her New Year's presents for the "replenishing of her royal wardrobe and jewelry." It is on record that after receiving a pair of silk stockings from a serving woman on New Year's day, 1561, she "never wore cloth hose any more." Though Elizabeth made returns to the New Year's gifts in plate and other articles," says Brand, "yet she took sufficient care that the balance of profit should be in her own favor." He closes a list of jewels, costly articles of apparel, provisions, etc., with the information that even "Sibyth the royal chestnut, testified his loyalty by two loins of cumbols."—St. James' Gazette.

Announcing the New Year.

It is estimated that a series of time signals sent out last New Year eve by the naval observatory in Washington was transmitted, within a very few seconds over 300,000 miles of wire, so that the transmitting clock was practically heard from Sitka to Buenos Ayres and from Eastport to the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand. Indeed, had it not been for pressure of traffic on account of the disturbed condition of affairs in the far east, it might have been heard around the world, and with the improvement of extension of the use of wireless telegraphy the time may come when such a signal can be heard in every continent and over every ocean almost instantaneously.

As Good as New.

"How about those good resolutions you made the first of the year?"

"Oh, they are still good."

How a Fish Breathes.

The gills of a fish are situated at the back part of the sides of the head and consist of a number of vascular membranes, which are generally arranged in double, fringelike rows, attached to the parts by the base only. In some cases these membranes are feather shaped, in others more folds attached to the sides of the gill cavities. The fish is a cold blooded animal—that is to say, its temperature is seldom more than a degree or two higher than the water in which it lives. This being true, the creature needs but a very small amount of oxygen to keep the blood at a temperature sufficiently high to sustain life. This oxygen is supplied to the blood of the fish by respiring large quantities of water, or, rather, drinking large quantities of water, and respiring the air separated from it by the gills. This explains why a fish cannot live in a tank of water which has been sifted through the gills time and time again any better than a human being or other animal can in air that has been deprived of all its oxygen by being taken into lungs and expelled without being aerated. Fish that die in the sickly water of aquariums may be properly said to drown, because they perish for want of air, the same thing which occasions death by drowning in man and other lung breathing animals.

Rain Coat For a Bear.

There is one big brown bear in New York that gets chilled beyond belief. He belongs to a Sixth avenue furrier. He is not a live bear. Even the memory of the oldest policeman on the beat round goeth not back to the time of that bear's demise; yet, in spite of his long period as a "dead one," he is the sleekest, best groomed bear in New York. That is because the furrier takes such good care of him.

Storms are never allowed to beat upon his glossy coat. He cannot be rumored to the extent of being brought indoors during a downpour, because it is his business to stand on a pedestal outside and drum up trade, but the next best thing is done for him. He is provided with a rain coat. It covers him from snout to tail so, no matter how hard the rain may beat or the wind [illegible] natural from [illegible] New York Press.

Silks.

[illegible] of flies was [illegible] a lecture at the [illegible], on "The [illegible] the King [illegible] dissolves, [illegible] all mentioned [illegible] ways in which [illegible] They are drowned in milk at the breakfast table; they get surrounded by a white fungus, which saps their strength; they are eaten by spiders, wasps, frogs, chameleons, lizards, and [illegible]

With so many enemies it might be wondered how flies have continued to exist, but Mr. Hill said that he had himself witnessed a family laughing whose [illegible] were laying devoured by a spider, continuing calmly to lay eggs with the one leg half, as though nothing were happening.

Why Men Wear Mustaches.

The Gaulois of Paris has been investigating that grave question, "Why do men wear mustaches?" About 100 men answered the question. Six replied that it was too much trouble to shave, one declared that it was to hide his teeth, another that his long nose, without it, gave him a bad appearance, and three that it avoided colds. Three others maintained that it improved the air they breathed, and seven were of the opinion that a mustache was necessary to health. Seventeen men were content to state that they did it to please themselves, while only two said it was to please their wives. About sixty gave the reason that women do not like clean shaven men.

The Office Dignified.

A Greek named Epaminondas was condemned by his enemies to fill an office much beneath him, which consisted in cleaning the streets and clearing away refuse. He declared that he would make them see that not only does the task show what the man is, but also the man shows what the task is, and he raised the office to a great dignity, teaching that no honest work need degrade the worker, but an honest worker can dignify the work.

True Courage.

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal, bullying insolence and in the very time of danger are found the most serene, pleasant and free. Rage, we know, can make a coward forget himself and fight, but what is done in fury and anger can never be placed to the account of courage.—Lord Shaftesbury.

A Tempting Hint.

"Energy," said the young man who had been calling regularly for about a year, "energy and promptitude are wanted nowadays."

"Yes, indeed," replied the young lady, with meaning. "Just look at young Mr. Wilson. He only met Miss Anderson two months ago, and now they are engaged."

Keeping Out of Danger.

Lady Frederick Cavendish once told a story in illustration of the prevailing ignorance in certain classes in England. A poor woman, in discussing the propriety of washing, once said: "I know better than to do that. I've heard enough of water on the brain."

Retaliation.

Mrs. Jawback—Just like a man! The idea of losing your temper and swearing at your razor because it's dull! Mr. Jawback—Well, I've got a right to. Didn't the razor lose its temper first?—Cleveland Leader.

An Arab Proverb.

When you have done any one a favor throw into the sea the remembrance of it, and if the fishes devour it God will remember it.

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder.—Hazlitt.

Love Tokens.

The ancient English custom of giving love tokens on the 20th of August died out many years ago. The custom was for "enamoured maydes and gentlewomen" to give to their favorite swains as tokens of love little handkerchiefs three or four inches square, with a button or tassel at each corner and a small one in the center. The finest of these favors was edged with narrow gold lace or twist and then folded up in four cross folds so that the middle might be seen. They were worn by the fortunate swains in their hats or on the breast. The favors were generally the handiwork of the "faire maydo" herself, and well she liked to work the most beautiful figures she could for her favorite suitor, but they became so much in vogue in Queen Elizabeth's time that they were sold ready made in the shops. This, of course, destroyed the romance of the custom, and hence its death.

Tripping the Parson.

As William Morris was an Englishman, it may not seem remarkable to Americans that he did not always get his jokes right end first. In a biography of her husband Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the ease with which he reversed them.

"They had all been asking conundrums.

"'Why did his brother Cain?' asked [illegible] Jones.

Morris fell into the trap at once. 'Abel?' he shouted.

Later in the day he came in laughing.

"I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. 'I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'

"'Cain,' he said at once.

"'Ha!' I said, 'I knew you'd say that. Every one does.' I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the matter was."

Sharks Delicate In Captivity.

Sharks are rather delicate in captivity and it is difficulty to keep them in aquariums. Whatever care may be lavished upon them they do not seem to be able to stand confinement, however large the tank or pool may be. In captivity sharks swim round and round the tank, nine times out of ten taking one course and never reversing. A shark has been known to keep its course for three or four months without change and except for food, never halting, so far as it was observed. It would keep going all day long and would be found going in the morning just the same. If food was placed in its way, it would stop for several minutes and eat, remaining headed the same way. Presently it would start on again in the same direction on its round, moving slowly unless disturbed.

Necessities of a Happy Life.

There are two fundamental necessities for a happy life—namely, a useful occupation for mind and body and an outlet for unselfish affection. The first requisite for enduring happiness is in having work to do in which one believes. Such work always aims at the accomplishment of something useful. While this work must be done with *fair efficiency*, it should not be accompanied with too much drudgery or exhaustion.

The simpler the plan on which one's living is modeled the less will be the complications and disturbances caused by an overelaborate scale of existence and the more time will be left for the real duties and pleasures of life.—From "Vital Questions," by Dr. Henry D. Chapin.

Korean Children.

The children of Korea are extremely quaint and pretty, especially when only a few years old. At New Year's they are generally dressed up in brand new frocks, and though, according to our ideas of taste, we should not give yellow sleeves to a bright red jacket and wear this over a green frock, I must say that somehow or other it looks all right there and relieves the monotony of the sempiternal white garments. The faces of the children are whitened with chalk, and the hair is oiled and parted in the middle, plastered down and tied into one or two small pigtails.—Cornhill.

Look Up When Speaking.

"I don't talk half as much as you do," said the preacher to the lawyer, "yet your voice holds out twice as long as mine. Why is it?"

The lawyer said he couldn't tell.

"The difference in the position of your head when you are talking explains it," said the elocutionist. "A preacher looks down upon his congregation, a lawyer looks up to the judge. That dropping of the head cramps the vocal cords and makes the preacher's voice more difficult to preserve than that of any other professional man."

The Real.

The great actress brings a dress over from Paris. It costs her $1,000. She has to have four maids to help her get into it. When she comes out on the stage the public at once exclaims in rapture:

"This is indeed realism!"

What is she representing? Why, a sketch in pedant's art.—Puck.

Your Disadvantages.

Look your disadvantages squarely in the face and see what you can make out of them, and instead of complaining that you have not the right tools use well the tools you have. Go forward into a new battle and on to victory as hero there never had been a failure in all your life.—Woman's Life.

Attempted Insight.

Jones—What's the difference between stinginess and economy? Brown—Stinginess is habitual economy; economy is spasmodic stinginess.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

What Was Lacking.

"I've lost all faith in my watch. It won't keep time any more."

"Then it's not faith you want, but works."—Cleveland Leader.

Coins are said to have been invented by the Lydians and were first used in 700 B. C.

The Sale of Silks in Burma.

The wooden floor of the stalls is raised two or three feet, so that the buyer, standing on the ground, is about on a level with the seller, sitting in the stall. The stall will be about 8 by 10 feet, and each has at the back a strong locking cupboard or wardrobe, where the wares are shut at night, but in the day they will be taken out and arranged daintily about the girl seller. Homemade silks are the staple—silks in checks of pink and white, of yellow and orange, of indigo and dark red. Some are embroidered in silk, in silver or in gold. Some are plain. All are thick and rich. None is glazed, and none is gaudy. There will also be silks from Bangkok, which are of two colors—purple shot with red and orange shot with red, both very beautiful. All the silks are woven the size of the dress—for men about twenty-eight feet long and twenty inches broad and for women about five feet long and much broader, thus there is no cutting off the piece. The hems, too, which are the bottom pieces for a woman's dress, are woven the proper size. There will probably, too, be piles of snowy cambric jackets and gaudy silk handkerchiefs, but often these are sold at separate stalls.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Very Necessary.

First Doctor—Is an operation necessary in this case? Second Doctor—Well, rather. Just look at this suit of clothes I've worn it three years.—Judge.

CONSUMPTION'S WARNING

Inside facts soon become evident in outside symptoms.—Dr. S. O. Green.

¶The aid of scientific inventions is not needed to determine whether your lungs are affected. The first symptoms can be readily noted by anyone of average intelligence.

¶There is no disease known that gives so many plain warnings of its approach as consumption; and no serious disease that can be so quickly reached and checked if the medicine used is Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which is made to cure consumption.

¶It is in the early stages that German Syrup should be taken, when warnings are given in the cough that won't quit, the congestion of the bronchial tubes and the gradual weakening of the lungs, accompanied by frequent expectoration.

¶But no matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has already attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble.

¶New trial bottles, 25c. Regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells

A CAPITAL STOCK —OF— SUITS and OVERCOATS

Black unfinished worsted Suits, and Black Irish Frieze O'Coats, silk lined throughout, have merited an immense popularity. We enjoy a big business in these sensible Suits and Overcoats

They can be had at from $12.50 to $15.00.

Just ask for the

LIVERIGHT MAKE

Clothing if you want the best.

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PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 11, 1906.

The fall of Chauncy M. Depew since the investigation of the Equitable has been most rapid. It should be a lesson to many a rising young man.

The distinctive quality of rubber is its elasticity, but manufacturers have discovered that a decreasing natural rubber supply is not sufficiently elastic *to meet an increasing demand.*—Cost Per Cent for January.

When the railroad rate bill is submitted to Congress, says a Washington correspondent it may contain a clause making the maximum fare to be charged for passengers on all railroads east of the Mississippi river two cents a mile. The proposition has been discussed by members of the House committee on interstate and foreign commerce and, while no decision has yet been reached, several of them favor its adoption. It is the opinion of congressmen that it would not be fair or just to fix the same maximum rate for all railroads. Those which traverse mountainous regions cost more to construct and maintain, and those which run through sparsely settled territory have not the field for traffic that the others have. But it is argued that all the roads east of the Mississippi properly could be classed together and a two-cent rate be established for them.

The time is drawing near when men must be nominated to be voted on at the February election to fill the various borough offices. It has been the custom for years for many of our leading citizens to pay little or no attention to who was selected to fill these offices, and while generally speaking we have had good men in these offices we have not always had the very best men for these positions to be found in the borough. With in the next year or two some unusually important questions will come before our borough councils and this board should be composed of our best citizens—bright, energetic, modern business men—who will be capable of meeting any questions which may arise. The members of our council who will retire this spring have performed their duties well. We should not allow the new board to be less capable but make it better if possible.

In another column we publish an article in which Mr. Charles Eliot Norton tells us why the killing of all hopeless [illegible] who [illegible] should be stopped. [illegible]

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Jan. 6, 1906.

The Philippine tariff bill, fathered by Chairman Payne, has been introduced in the House, and, bids fair to cause a couple of weeks debate at least. The main opposition to the bill comes from the cane and beet sugar interests and from the tobacco trust which says it is afraid the American market may be flooded by cheap tobacco as the sugar men are afraid it will be flooded with cheap sugar. Chairman Payne, and he has the backing of Governor Lake, Wright and other expert testimony, asserts that there is no danger of sugar and tobacco flooding the American market. In the first place there is not land enough available for either crop to make their great increase a matter of concern to this country, and there is not labor enough available to raise either in great quantities. On the other hand it is claimed that the opening of the Philippines will make a fresh market for American [illegible] for cigar wrappers and will enlarge the Philippine market in China and Japan. Of course the tobacco trust does not want to enlarge the American cigar leaf market. It would mean [illegible] the Asiatic people would have to [illegible] wider territory in which to dispose of his crop. The American Tobacco Company of America and the [illegible] Company of England have pooled the Oriental market to suit themselves, and naturally they do not want it interfered with. But it is very likely that the Philippine tariff bill will pass even if in somewhat amended form, and there will be a letting down of the tariff bars which form one of the chief obstacles to the material development of the islands.

Congress can be very *funny* when it gets dignified, and one of the latest instances in this line was this week when Representative Sims of Tennessee became excited over an editorial in a local paper and demanded an investigation by the committee on Postoffice and Post roads into the alleged abuse of the franking privilege in Congress. The investigation was ordered and the committee will probably return a report that the specific charges were unfounded. At the same time everyone knows that the franking privilege is abused enormously. Plenty of private and semi-private circulars requiring a reply have been sent out under a frank with a frank envelope enclosed for the answer. Members also do frank a number of things through the postoffice that have no business in a mail car. Whether it is true, as alleged, that cows and horses and household goods and kitchen utensils are also franked may be open to question. But it would not be surprising if they were. The little government jester giving freedom of the mails to *departmental matter* has covered a multitude of sins in its time. It may be news to some Representative, but it was not many years ago that a distinguished member of the Geological Survey, caught in the field at the end of a session when his appropriation had run low, simply pasted government envelopes on his tents, poles, instrument cases and mess chests and sent them all back to Washington by mail. That was perhaps an isolated and exceptionally aggravated case, but there is a lot of cheap grafting under cover of the Congressional frank that the committee could uncover if it wanted to.

Official orders do not stick unless they are intended to, and they are not intended to in the case of certain privileged persons. For instance, the anti-pass order issued with a flourish of trumpets by the railroads some weeks ago will not apply to any congressman who wants to save his mileage. The day after the order was issued one of the correspondents in Washington declared that he did not believe the order was *genuine*. He telegraphed in the strength of his suspicions to a high official in the Pennsylvania for transportation for himself and wife to St. Louis and return. The pass came back by return mail, and he displayed it to a number of his friends as an evidence that his suspicions were correct. As a matter of fact he had no earthly use for it and returned it a little later with a polite note saying that he had found it impossible to make the trip.

In the same connection, it may be mentioned that a bill has been introduced in the House reducing the mileage of members from twenty to six cents. The former figure twenty cents is a relic of the old stage coach days when a man was a long time making the journey to Washington from anywhere and when he had to stop over night at taverns and the like. The mileage has remained at twenty cents ever since, and few Congressmen ever spend their mileage at all but ride on a pass and pocket the difference.

The advocates of single statehood for Oklahoma and Indian Territory are coming to the front and [illegible] quite [illegible] [illegible] Arizona [illegible] Territory [illegible] Arizona may result in holding up [illegible] two statehood measures for another session of Congress.

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Herald Square Stock Company

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High Class Vaudeville Between Acts.

Illustrated Songs
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Songs of the day, W. C. Turner
Character Songs, Julia York.

Entire week of different plays and change of specialties nightly.

The following plays will be presented: "Man to Man," "Her Fatal Secret," "East Lynne," "Tracy, the Outlaw King," "The King of the Moonshiners," "The Octoroon," "Dash for Freedom."

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January 1, 1905	9,458	17,608 76
April 1, 1905	13,217	49,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,399.14
August 1, 1905	19,019	100,807.66
September 1, 1905	20,580	118,546 91
October 1, 1905	21,930	138,660.17
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FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Blankets and Robes

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and as the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Grips of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags etc. at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

A Happy New Year

The past year has brought to our store many new faces and we trust that none have gone away dissatisfied. During the coming year, as in the past, we shall strive to please our patrons by giving them the very best of Clothing at the lowest possible prices, and money back if wanted. We wish our friends one and all a

Very Happy New Year

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 and 15c

Ask for Free Style Book.

Come Here Before Buying Elsewhere

I am offering at reduced prices

MEN'S HEAVY WOOLEN WORKING PANTS, FELTS and RUBBERS, FELT SLIPPERS.

Also what DRESS SKIRTS are left will be closed out at reduced prices.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

January 9, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

GREAT BARGAINS

Saturday morning at 8 o'clock starts a very important clearance sale of women and children's garments. A great variety is included in this sale,—everything in millinery, a good assortment of ladies' and children's coats, furs, ladies skirts, silk petticoats, etc. What few Christmas goods we have left will be closed out at a great sacrifice. Come early while the assortment is good.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

Quarter Off Sale In Cloak Department.

25 per cent discount on Coats, Suits and Furs.

We will continue this sale for one week and it applies to all Ladies', Misses and Children's Coats.

REMNANTS REMNANTS

Hundreds of Remnants of Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Linings have been taken from the shelves, the result of rapid selling in these departments the few weeks before Christmas. Each piece measured and marked in plain figures at prices that will

SELL THEM QUICK

They are from 2 to 8 yard lengths and represent the cream of the Dry Goods stocks being the end of the pieces that sold best a few weeks ago.

RIBBONS, TOO.

Short lengths, end of pieces go at a sacrifice.

Short lengths and odd pieces all at figures that makes one dollar look like two.

100 pair Men's Shoes, $3.50 and $4.00 heavy and light, go at $2.00 pair.

They are in broken lots and if we have your size you have a bargain that you will remember.

Selling on these starts FRIDAY MORNING and lasts for one week or until all are gone.

The Lindholm Co.

CHASE STABLE BLANKETS

are the acme of stable usefulness with all the up-to-date attachments, good materials and warm linings. They are made to fit and will not twist or come off. Easily adjusted, simple in construction. The

CHASE STREET BLANKET

[illegible] CHASE blankets [illegible]

H. M. REDFIELD.

McKean County Times

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 11, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Open winter?

—Who's got the openers?

—Guess winter "lightened up."

—Think it policy to "buy" our's now.

—Played 'em right. The Gas Co. wins.

—Well! Anyway Gasco had been playing shy for a time.

—Read the new advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—See the Herald Square Stock Company at the Lyceum next week.

—Miss May Choate of King street entertained the Euchre Club last evening.

—The new advertisement of Prill, the Bradford jeweler, will interest our readers.

—The Smethport window glass factory was shut down yesterday on account of the shortage of gas.

—Mrs. F. C. Pierce entertained a few ladies at cards at her home on East Main street yesterday afternoon.

—A Potter county editor says he will not smoke this year. If he lives he may be able to keep his promise.

—A fatal wreck occurred on the P. & E. R. R. between Warren and Corry last Saturday. Three men were killed and twenty were injured.

—The Rev. J. H. McCandless will officiate next Sunday at St. Matthew's church, Eldred. The Rev. W. E. Van Dyke will be at St. Luke's and the services will be at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Service at All Saints chapel, East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m.

—A. M. Thomas, a former Smethport boy, was recently elected vice president of the Bradford Typographical Union.

—Mrs. W. H. Prentiss of Port Allegany, died recently at a Buffalo hospital aged 41 years. Mrs. Prentiss formerly lived in Smethport.

—In our report last week of the changes in county officers we forgot to mention that Miss Jessie Rooney had been appointed nurse at the County Home.

—The Herald Square Stock Company opens a week's engagement at the Lyceum next Monday evening. It is said to be a first class company and will no doubt draw good houses.

—The Lyceum management wishes us to urge its patrons to come earlier. The curtain raises at 8:30 sharp and it would be much pleasanter for all concerned if all would be in their seats at that time.

—We are in receipt of an invitation to attend a Japanese dance at the Mr. Jewett opera house next Tuesday evening. This is not to be a masked ball but merely the decorations will be of the Japanese order.

—T. H. Purtle has engaged the services of C. Raymond, an experienced laundryman of Pittsburg, to manage his laundry in this place and all work entrusted to his care will receive prompt and careful attention.

—Charles Brewster, the murderer of Marshall Stryker in Potter county, will have to hang as soon as Governor Pennypacker sets the date for his execution. The Superior Court refused a continuance in his case.

—Judge Bouton yesterday appointed Hon. W. P. Burdick of Bradford receiver for the Bradford Electric Street Railway Co. The application was made by George E. Rogers of Springfield, Mass., and W. H. Tyler of Worcester, Mass.

—Daniel Flaherty, a well known citizen of Mt. Alton, died at his home yesterday morning at 11 o'clock, after an illness of a few days of pneumonia, aged 63 years. He is survived by one daughter, Miss Mary Flaherty; two sons, John and Michael Flaherty; also one brother, Michael, all of Mt. Alton.

—Smethport theatre goers have been unusually fortunate this season in having an opportunity to see good plays. Manager Clark of the Lyceum has been unusually careful this season in booking first class attractions and as a result there has been hardly a play here this season that was not well worth seeing. Really the Lyceum is deserving of better patronage than it has been getting.

—Robert Stonehill Allen, a colored evangelist, now 62 years old, who in his younger days was a pugilist of note, entered the ring again one night recently and fought a three-round draw with "Black" Grillo at the Sharkey Athletic Club in New York City. Just before the bell rang to start the bout Allen knelt in the middle of the ring and offered up an earnest prayer for the souls of the "unbelievers" present. He also prayed for his opponent.

—The Temptation of Regine" company comes to the Lyceum Theatre, Smethport, Friday, Jan. 12. Too much cannot be said of the play and the clever people in the cast. Jean Barrymore, the author of the play, is cast as Hans Hackleneig, the Baron of Prussia. He is an actor of ability and soon wins favor by his clever work. Miss Amy Shaffer as Regine, the slave, is as nearly perfect as it is possible to be and the support is strong. The company should draw a full house.

—Miss Julia Tretton, mention of whom was made a few weeks ago in this paper as regarding her eyesight after a blindness which has been since childhood, is steadily improving. She can see things dimly both early and at a distance and is rapidly learning to distinguish things by sight. At first she could not tell what things were that she could see plainly until she touched them, but is rapidly learning and gets a great deal of pleasure out of her regained sight. It seems strange that a person who has been blind practically all her life cannot at first tell what an object is by looking at it, but is compelled to distinguish objects by touch after which the same object will be recognized by sight.

Spelling in the Year 1408.

By the following, which is an exact copy of the first paragraph in the will of Henry IV. of England, written in January, 1408, it will be seen that even kings are not always good spellers:

"In the name of God, Fadir, Son and Holy Goost, three Persons and one God, I, Henri, sinful wrecche by the Grace of God, King of England and Fraunce and Lord of Irland, being in my hole mynd and my remembrance, makithe and ordeynithe this my Testament and Laste Will in manere and fourme folowyng. First I bequethe my Soule to Almighty God, my sayde Maker and Redemer, hertely beseching the glorious Virgine Our Lady Seint Marie, and alle the holy Compagnie of Hevene, to pray for me, whyle my wretched Soule shall remayne in my stynkyng Body."

The Stone of Destiny.

The historic stone known in Scotland as the "Stone of Destiny," in Ireland as the "Lia Fail" and in England as "Jacob's Pillar" or the "Scone" is said to have been brought from Egypt to Ireland by a beautiful princess, who placed it in Tara's hall in 580 B. C. At present this very ancient relic is fastened underneath the coronation chair in Westminster abbey. The stone is of dark color, streaked with red, and is twenty-six inches long, sixteen inches wide and eleven inches thick. Its surface is much defaced, and a deep crack almost divides it into two parts. Tradition says that this stone can be traced back to the plains of Luz, where Jacob laid his head upon it and dreamed his ladder dream, and that at the captivity Jeremiah carried it to Egypt.

The Baby's Wish.

[illegible] is New Year's, an' I wish I [illegible] to mother home. Oh, for [illegible] cranberries on the [illegible]

[illegible] Lesson.

[illegible] anything on the [illegible] Sister—Yep; I [illegible] to teach me[illegible]

Many of our readers are more interested in the comments of our friends upon our columns. Try it.

Maish Comforts of unlimited cotton. Lindholm's.

Go to J. C. Hamlin's for hand sleds and skates.

Personal Mention.

Miss Eva Zwygard was a Kane visitor on Monday.

Mrs. D. C. Young was a Buffalo visitor this week.

W. H. Morrison had business in Elroy on Tuesday.

Dr. John Clark was a business visitor in Bradford on Tuesday.

John B. Eastman was a business visitor in Bradford on Tuesday.

R. K. Knapp left Tuesday for New York City on a business trip.

C. D. Comes and T. H. Pancoast were in Olean on business Tuesday.

Misses Lois Young and Ruth Forrest are visiting friends in West Virginia.

Sanford L. Fry was looking after business interests in Hazlehurst yesterday.

Messrs. R. E. Fandrick, R. W. Hilton and T. W. Gamble are in Pittsburg on business.

A. F. Brown of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office while in town this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Hooker of Buffalo are visiting friends and relatives in East Smethport.

Harry Sacks returned to Cleveland, Ohio, last Saturday, to resume his studies in Lincoln High School.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and John Foster attended a director's meeting of the C. & P. A. R. R. Co. at Coudersport on Monday.

Sanford Bloomberg left last Saturday for New York City and on Wednesday morning set sail for Sweden where he will visit for a few weeks. Mr. Bloomberg will return about March 1st and will be accompanied by his parents who will make their home in Smethport.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Friday, January 12th.

THE LEADER OF AMERICAN PLAYS

Presented by HORACE A. DUDLEY

Temptation of Regine

—WITH—

JEAN BARRYMORE

—AND—

MISS AMY SHAFFER

—SUPPORTED BY—

ALL STAR COMPANY

The most wonderful romantic Drama of Recent Production

Prices 25, 50, 75c

Seat sale now at Wells Drug Store.

QUALITY

WHEN YOU WANT THE BEST IN CANNED VEGETABLES WE CAN FURNISH YOU WITH THEM.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Don't be a Skeptic.

Seeing is believing. You can believe what most people say. H. G. Bynod, of Sunbury, Pa., under date of September 25th, says: "I have been troubled with rheumatism for five months, I have used one and a half bottle of Crocker's Rheumatism Cure and have been benefitted more by it than all other medicine I have ever used." For sale by L. K. Hogarth.

Licouse Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of Thomas H. Purtle, occupation, laundryman, present residence Smethport, Pa., for transfer of hotel license, granted May 8th last, to Frank L. Sherburne, for sale of vinous, spirituous, malt and brewed liquors by retail, in quantities not exceeding one quart, at the Commercial House, situate on the North side of Main street, corner of Franklin street, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., will be heard by the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton in Open Court, on the 15th day of January, 1906, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

GRIFFITH & RICHMOND,
Attorneys for Applicant.

McCALL PATTERNS 10c - 15c

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES

It's the Annual January Clearance Sale

And all Careful Shoppers smile at the Bargains to be bought.

This store counts its profit making time over on Christmas Eve, the week between Christmas and New Years is devoted to finding out where we are at. Odd lots are sorted and small lines of Fall and Winter merchandise that want quick disposal are put on the bargain tables. Our price cutter sharpens his pencil and gets busy and then we are ready for the annual house cleaning. It is quite needless to inform you that we ignore previous prices—original cost—profits and everything else when making clean up prices. The only question in mind is, what will it sell for quickly? Bring a one dollar, a five dollar or ten dollar bill to this store while this sale is on and go home with a bunch of bargains, for good merchandise that will simply astonish your friends and neighbors. We do not guarantee curiosities or lessons in facts, we do guarantee values with a capital V.

FURS WILL FLY AT THE CLEARANCE SALE

It hasn't been fur weather but we will make fur business by giving you values that are bound to bring shoppers who appreciate that there's three months of fur time still ahead with a chance for great money saving at this sale. The prices are a third less than those fine furs have been selling at.

- 46 in. Pony Scarfs at $3.17
- 50 in. Sable and Isabella Fox Scarfs at $5.35
- 60 " " " " " 6.35
- Blended Mink Shawl Collars at $3.85
- Blended Squirrel 4 in hands $7.00 to $14.00
- Child's White Lambs Wool Boas 33c to 88c
- Child's Fur Sets 47c to $2.50

SHAWLS, TAM-O'SHANTERS AND TOQUES

Cold weather goods at warm weather prices. Bring the children and let's fit them out for less than you will expect to pay.

25 and 49c values, all colors, @ 19c — 50c values, all colors, @ 38c

$1.00 Knitted Shawls, white, @ 73c

HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR AND SWEATERS

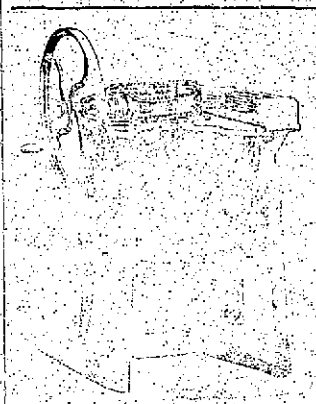
A grand assortment of good hosiery and underwear for all the family says welcome to bargain buyers. We have some excellent bargains in this department.

- Boys' 40c black mixed stocking at 28c
- Ladies' 25c Fleeced Hose at 19c
- Ladies' 25c Fleeced Vests at 19c
- Gents' 50c black Fleeced Underwear at 19c
- Gents' $1, $1.25 and $1.50 Wool Underwear at ¼ off.
- Gents' $2.50 to $3.75 Sweaters at ¼ off.

BLIZZARD DEFYING BLANKETS

And comforts too—if you have held off on blanket buying delay no longer for you will pay more money when present stocks are exhausted. Wholesale prices are higher.

- $1.90 Gray Mixed Blankets at $1.35
- $3.50 " " " $2.75
- $5.00 Gray and White, all wool Blankets at $3.85
- $6.00 White, all wool Blankets at $4.75
- $7.50 " " " $5.50
- $2.50 Comforts at $1.75



The Dread of Wash Day

has vanished to the woman who uses a

BOSS ROTARY WASHING MACHINE

No woman ever regrets the money which she has invested in a Boss Washer for to her it means freedom from the drudgery of the wash board. One of the principle advantages of our machines is the high speed with which the dasher moves keeping the water agitated and cleaning the clothes quickly and thoroughly. There is no lost motion, no jerking and consequently no tearing of clothes when you use a Boss Washer. Boss Washers are made of Louisiana Red Cypress Lumber which will withstand hot and cold water better than any other lumber on the market.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Clocks, Cut Glass, Silver. Lowest Prices.

EXPERIENCED WORKMEN

At the bench doing all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing, Diamond setting and engraving. Satisfaction guaranteed.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 173.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A Present From an Enemy

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1904, by Charles W. Hooke

"DON'T bother to light your lamp," said the traveling salesman. "I can see to drink in the dark."

"We'll get some moonlight if I leave the curtain up," responded the druggist, "though I'm on the shady side of the street."

"I guess that's where you want to be in such a dry town as this," said the salesman. "The shadier you are the more business you can do. Are they making you much trouble?"

The druggist had put some glasses and a bottle upon a table and had glanced toward the window to assure himself that no one could see in from the street. The other side of the way was all in vivid moonlight; the snow sparkled with myriad jewels, and the white fronts of the quaint old stores glared as if the worn paint upon them had been miraculously renewed. In the midst of the brightness appeared the tall figure of a man clothed all in black. He walked briskly to one of the stores and halted, disappointed.

"There's a customer for you," said the salesman. "Your venerable competitor has shut up shop for the night."

"That man will never come over here," said the druggist. "He trades exclusively with Dr. Columbus Hatch, my venerable competitor."

"Matter of sentiment, I suppose. Hatch is an old timer, and you're an intruder."

The druggist tapped the bottle with a pencil.

"It's a matter of that," he said.

"Temperance crank?" queried the salesman, setting down his glass.

"Well, I'd hardly like to call that fellow a crank," said the druggist. "He's a smooth proposition. I'm more afraid of him than of all the others put together. He'll run me out of this town if I don't look sharp."

"Who is he?"

"Minister of the Stone church, up on Court street. His name is Ormond Davis."

The salesman walked to the window and curiously looked out. The Rev. Mr. Davis was standing on the rickety wooden platform in front of Dr. Columbus Hatch's store and was intently viewing the moonlight on the river. His face was clearly illumined.

"That man looks mighty familiar to me," said the salesman. "How long has he been in this town?"

"A couple of years," was the reply. "He seems to have considerable 'pull,' even with people who don't go to his church or to any church at all. I've had trouble with him, and I'm going to have more."

"This is the first chance I've had to do business for myself," he continued.

THE SALESMAN WALKED TO THE WINDOW.

"I was clerk in a New York store and was on a vacation when I happened to strike this town. It's a great place in the summer. I stopped off here a few days and found that there was no druggist except that old fossil Hatch, who is the worst prohibition crank in the bunch and wouldn't sell whisky even on a prescription.

"Well, I had a few hundred dollars, and I came down here and took this store, getting my stock on credit. In a little more than a year I've squared up everything and have laid some money away."

"Must be a thirsty town," said Barnes.

"It's a town where the thirsty ones have to come to me," said the druggist, "and take what I give 'em and pay my price for it, see?"

"As I sell you most of your back room stock," said Barnes, with a laugh, "I see perfectly."

Barnes was staring out of the window.

"I believe I'll take a closer look at that fellow," said he. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

The Rev. Mr. Davis had turned from his contemplation of the river and had begun to ascend the hill. From his window the druggist saw Barnes cross the street and follow in the minister's steps. It may have been twenty minutes later when he returned to the store. He seemed much perplexed.

"Dr. Sempler, this is a queer case," he said. "I could swear that that fellow is John Davis, whom I used to know fifteen or eighteen years ago in Gloucester."

"Did you speak to him?" asked the druggist.

Barnes shook his head.

"He can't be John Davis," he answered, "because John Davis is dead, and if there's any way to figure out that he is John Davis you don't want to be put upon his guard just yet."

Sempler showed his excitement.

"You don't mean to tell me that there's anything crooked about this man?" he demanded. "That would be too good to be true."

"I'll give you the facts," said Barnes. "That's all I can do. John Davis was a Gloucester boy, and I used to go there often in the summer. I hadn't any real acquaintance with Davis, but I saw him often. He was clerk in a bank, and the bank was robbed—an inside job. The cashier got most of the money, but Davis was in the game somewhere, and he ran away. They caught him in Bangor and were bringing him back on a steamer. He was stronger than an ox, and the officer who had him was afraid of him, so he had him handcuffed.

"About four miles north of this town, where the steamers run close to Blackburn point, Davis jumped overboard with the handcuffs still on his wrists. That shows what a desperate fellow he was. It was in the evening and quite dark, but the officer says Davis swam along with a hand stuck out in front of him. Then he sank, and that was the end of him. I wonder that you never heard the story, though it's nearly twenty years old now."

The druggist had started up out of his chair and was leaning forward, staring into Barnes' face. His mouth was half open, but he seemed incapable of speaking. Indeed, his aspect was so strange that Barnes took him by the arm and shook him.

"Pendennis!" gasped Sempler, and he put up his hands to his forehead.

"What the deuce"—his friend began.

"Barnes," explained Sempler, "since the world began there has never been anything like this. I can't believe it. The thing is impossible."

He walked to the table and poured out some liquor. His hand was so unsteady that the bottle rattled against the glass.

"It's incredible, incredible," he continued, choking with the fiery liquid. "But, listen. In October I was walking in the woods up along the shore of the bay by Blackburn point. I had these with me." And he ripped open a luggage and took out a big pair of field glasses. "I started to look out over the bay from a little hill on the point and, adjusting my glasses when I had gained focus, then on the top of a spruce tree that grew at the foot of a cliff, I saw a queer bunch on the tree, and presently I made it out to be a new sort of an iron thing that had grown into the wood—a thing with a piece of chain on it. I took it to be a sort of trap which some boy years ago had hung on the tree and forgotten. Barnes, it was a pair of handcuffs!"

"Sh—but what was it doing way up there on the top of the tree?" stammered Barnes.

"Eighteen years ago," said Sempler, "that tree wasn't more than six feet high."

"Well?"

"Well, this is what happened," continued Sempler. "Your friend Davis slipped one of his cuffs in the water and managed to get ashore. Then he slipped the other cuff and tossed them away, and they caught on the tree, or perhaps he hung them up, thinking the sea would hide them. At any rate, there they are, and you know well enough that a pair of handcuffs in that sort of the way place settles the whole story. If they're not John Davis' they're not anybody's. The man didn't drown, and I've got him!"

"This is the strangest thing I ever heard of," said Barnes.

"When you mentioned Blackburn point," said Sempler, "I thought of the only time I was there, and the look of that thing in the tree just leaped up before me like a picture. I must find it!"

"That won't be so easy."

"I will find it!" exclaimed Sempler. "And now tell me more about Davis."

"I don't know any more," responded Barnes. "I left Gloucester a few weeks afterward and never went back."

"See this man tomorrow and make sure of him."

"I'll do that," said Barnes, "but it must be on the quiet. I don't want to be dragged into anything as a witness."

Sempler laughed.

"It will be quiet," he said. "Do you suppose I'll say a word to anybody? Not much! This is a private matter between the minister and me. I'll let him alone, and he'll let me alone. That's all I'll ask of him. He won't make any trouble if I put up a strong enough bluff. He's engaged to Deacon Holland's daughter. Holland lives right up there by the meeting house, and he won't want his matrimonial plans disturbed, for the deacon has a good bit of money, Barnes"—and he tapped the bottle again with a nervous finger—"I'm all right."

"Well," said Barnes, "don't talk—don't say anything to anybody—and here's luck to you."

About a week later, on the morning of the 22d of December, a boy came to the house where the Rev. Ormond Davis was boarding and told him that he was wanted at the church. Rightly judging that the matter had to do with the approaching Christmas observances, Mr. Davis promptly responded to this somewhat indefinite summons.

As he turned the corner into Court street he saw a team of horses harnessed to a sleigh in front of the church, and behind the horses and the sleigh appeared a great green mass which could be nothing but a Christmas tree. It had been Mr. Davis' intention to go out into the woods with some young men of his church that afternoon to secure a tree, and he wondered what member of his congregation had been so prompt and service able. His surprise was very great when he perceived that the driver of the team was the new druggist, Edward Sempler.

"Mr. Davis," said he as the minister came close, "we haven't been good friends, but I hope we'll be better. I have brought you a peace offering."

"I can be at peace with you, Mr. Sempler," replied the clergyman gravely, "but I cannot be at peace with liquor selling. I hardly dare to hope that you have decided to stop it."

"No," said Sempler slowly, "hardly that. But I am very careful. I never sell to drunkards—"

HE FINISHED HIS SENTENCE BY WAVING HIS HAND.

"You sell to men who will be drunkards if you don't stop this traffic," said Davis earnestly. "And if you hope to make any change in my view of this matter"—

Sempler checked him with a gesture and walked up to the tree. A bit of gunny bag was wrapped around the trunk near the top. Sempler removed it, and the clergyman beheld with unspeakable amazement a pair of handcuffs grotesquely twisted into the wood.

"By the way," said Sempler, "your first name is John, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the minister hoarsely. "What then?"

"We can cut these things right out of the tree," said the druggist, "and no body will ever know that John Davis wasn't drowned long ago. Otherwise"—

He finished the sentence by waving his hand toward Deacon Holland's house, where Holland and his daughter were standing by the gate.

"You see, I've boogered these things so that they can be pulled away," said Sempler, pointing to the handcuffs. "Now, speak quick, for Holland and Miss Amy are coming this way."

Indeed they were coming to look at the tree.

"Mr. Holland," called the minister, at the same time raising his hat, "please hurry up."

Sempler looked at him and stretched out a hand to pull away the handcuffs from the tree, but the minister caught his wrist in a grip of iron.

"Mr. Holland," he continued as the deacon and his daughter approached, "I have received a singular Christmas gift, and I want you and Miss Amy to see it."

He released Sempler suddenly, pushing him back so that the man staggered to the church wall. Davis pointed to the handcuffs imbedded in the tree, and then held his wrists closely together.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Deacon Holland. "You—you don't mean to tell me that—that those are the very same ones?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the minister. "By some miracle this man has found them and has brought them to me. He seems to know a part of my story, but not the whole of it. He does not know that I was weak rather than dishonest; that I was guilty of nothing worse than an attempt to shield a man to whom I thought myself bound by gratitude. He does not know that I eventually returned to Gloucester, where I was held in custody for a brief time and then released. Above all, he does not know that our whole church has long been aware of the truth and"—

"Do you mean to say," demanded the deacon, "that this fellow tried to—to blackmail you?"

"He suggested that we might be friends," responded Davis. "I make no complaint. I am indebted to him. Two years ago, when I told my story before the church meeting, I was unaware of the extraordinary capacity for keeping a secret. That is a characteristic of your Maine people, I supposed, with all respect to the gentlemen and especially the ladies of my congregation, that I was laying my secret before the entire community. Yet it appears that it has not been mentioned. At least, the fact of my disclosure cannot have come to this man's ears. Now, I do not care to wear a mask, even in his presence, and therefore I shall accept his gift publicly. I shall take these handcuffs, this badge of my old folly, publicly from this tree, and I shall attempt to extract a moral from it in a brief address. Does this course meet your view, Amy?"

"I trust both your judgment and your honor," said she.

"Sempler," said Deacon Holland, "if you weren't ruined in this community before, you certainly are now. When this story gets around the worst man in town will be ashamed to be seen going into your store."

It remains to be said that this prophecy was fulfilled to all intents and purposes very speedily.

An Old Prescription.

Dr. William Osler in one of his Baltimore lectures recited a quaint old cure for the gout—a cure from a seventeenth century work that was designed to show gout's hopelessness.

"First, it is," said this old cure, "a handkerchief from the pocket of a spinster of thirty-five who never willed to wed, so old, wash the handkerchief in an home miller's pond, dry it on the hedge of a person who was never wronged, nought, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a person, fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client, and, sixth, apply it hot to the gouty member. A speedy cure will follow."

Naturally.

"What sort of people are those who are continually seeking divorce?" asked the reformer, with an agonized groan.

"Married people principally," responded the cheerful idiot, with a coarse guffaw.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE HUMAN GLUTTON

HE IS THE GREEDIEST OF ALL ANIMAL ORGANIZERS.

His Ability to Outeat Anything Else In Creation, Size and Opportunities Considered—Appetites of Birds, Beasts and Man.

So commonly are persons of large appetite upbraided as hogs, gluttons or cormorants that the question suggests itself, Are these illustrations accurate or must they be accepted by naturalists with the same qualification that belongs to such comparisons as "slily as a goose," "blind as a bat," "timid as a hare" and many others equally popular in every day talk? Those who have studied such creatures know that geese often display undeniable cunning; that hens, though endowed with senses of which we have no equivalent, are not blind and that hares can at times be very pugnacious.

In all the general contemplation of whether these and other animals so described are greedy but of the common run, it is but a step to the problem whether any living beast or bird, reptile, fish or insect, is actually greedier than the greediest man, writes T. G. Allalo in the Pall Mall Magazine.

Obviously, it is fair in such a comparison to take the case of the man who can and does eat more than his fellows, because such a man, disagreeable though he may be from one standpoint, is undeniably more natural than those who, bowing to the verdict of the intellect attendant or restrained by considerations of polite behavior, habitually eat less than they could if they were to continue eating until unable to swallow more.

The whole system of feeding in our artificial lives is quite distinct from that adopted in the rest of the animal world and, doubtless also from that which was in vogue with the cave men. Able by various devices to procure our food as required, we have appointed certain feeding times, and at these we rigidly take our meals—breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

The wild creatures of nature know no such restraint. The birds in our garden are always pecking at the lawn for worms or at the boughs for berries. The herbivorous cattle in the meads, when not actually grazing, are ruminating, which is grazing over again. The caterpillars on our rose trees, the ants in our storeroom, are always at table. Only civilized man and his domestic animals know the formality of mealtimes. And so it is throughout nature with all the four footed and winged creatures.

In considering the appetites and tastes of man and the lower animals it is of importance to distinguish in every class between the gluttons (the word is used conventionally and without prejudice) and the epicures, more happily differentiated by the French as gormands and gourmets, the former of which prefer quantity, while the latter are all for the quality of their food.

The human race furnishes innumerable examples of both. Haydn, the composer, would sometimes order six covers for dinner and dine alone. One king of England died after a surfeit of lampreys; the undoing of another was an excessive meal of peaches and new ale.

With these may be ranked Sporogambi, a human hog, who ate 2,000 yards of macaroni at a sitting, and Domery, the Pole, who in the presence of witnesses devoured in one morning fourteen pounds of raw beef and almost the same weight of tallow candles.

These are the gluttons, and if we compare Domery's feat with the daily meal of a full grown working elephant weighing five or six tons—namely, 130 pounds of vegetable food—we find the man the greedier of the two.

The epicures are less repulsive. A former duke of Portland, who paid high prices for red mullet and ate only the livers, was a benefactor of trade and the famous Comte de Broussin, who despised mushrooms unless their odor had been brought out by his mule treading on them, likewise entertained in princely style and made an art of eating.

Every class of animals has its examples of these two categories. With the epicures we may class the giraffe; with the gormandizers the vulture.

The following selection will approximately serve to illustrate by more or less familiar animal types the two classes:

Gluttons.	Epicures.
* Mole.	† Giraffe.
† Boar.	† Aard wolf.
† Bear.	* Ant eater.
† Hyena.	* Sperm whale.
* Killer whale.	† Manatee.
* Hornbills.	* Osprey.
Vultures.	† Hummingbirds.
* Cormorant.	† Gray mullet.
Sea gull.	† Bees and wasps.
* Pythons.	
† Sandhopper.	
† Burying beetle.	
† Sharks.	

* Living food. † Carrion. ‡ Vegetarian.

It must also be remembered that the man who eats immense meals kicks the excuse of these heavier feeders in the wild life. The mole, the vulture, the python and the shark have excellent reason for eating all they can when a rare chance offers. They may have gone long without a meal, and there is no instinct to tell them when they will get another, whereas a man knows quite well at luncheon that within six or seven hours he will be dining.

The mole, like the little shield tailed snakes of Ceylon, which hunt the same food, has to work like a slave; digging and tunneling and undermining acres of surface soil in its pursuit of the worms, and all this labor must breed a hearty appetite.

The vulture and the python are so sluggish in their movements, that the latter more particularly, lacking the bird's taste for carrion, must often be compelled to go hungry for weeks together.

Again, while greediness is a term of reproach among ourselves, it is impossible to glance down the preceding table with the same feeling of distaste, for we know that some of the greediest among these are nature's appointed agents for the resolution of matter which otherwise would taint the atmosphere and poison mankind, into its harmless elements.

There are other considerations which distinguish the greed of the lower animals from the greed of man. In the case of the great python, for instance, and, in fact, of all serpents, more or less, the teeth are so stunted in the jaw that the reptile is bound to eat all there is and is debarred from leaving off when its victim is only half devoured.

Some years ago one of the largest serpents in the zoological gardens ate another, almost as large, which had previously shared its compartment. Much was said and written at the time of the offensive "greediness" of the creature, but in point of fact its self immolation had less to say to the result than its anatomy. If, for instance, the two started on the same rabbit, one seizing the head, the other the stern, the larger would have no choice when they met halfway across, but to swallow its smaller fellow.

Equally greedy are some animals in their food that even the two sexes have different views on the subject of what to have for dinner. As a curious contrast to the collaboration of the male and female bird may be cited that of the male mosquito, which sucks only the juices of plants, while the female must feed on the blood of animals. The nursery rhyme touching the different appetites of Jack Sprat and his wife is totally eclipsed by such disagreement.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

The Fight It Made For Bleeding and Against Quinine.

An important epoch in the career of Dr. Maillot, a distinguished French physician who died in Paris several years ago at the age of ninety-nine years, illustrates the great timidity of medical science in taking up a new method of treatment or abandoning an old one. Dr. Maillot is known to the medical world as the practical introducer into French practice of the use of quinine in the treatment of malarial and other fevers.

In 1832, when the French were conducting a campaign of conquest in Algeria, the mortality among the troops and colonists there was frightful. France was being continually called upon for fresh levies of men and youths to supply this terrible loss, chiefly through fever incidental to the climate and the life the French in Algeria were leading. At that time the practice of bleeding still prevailed. "Bleed them until they are white" was the injunction which Broussais, the medical master of the French, gave to his followers when the condition of the soldiers was reported to him. At Bone, in one year, out of an effective force of 5,600 men, 1,100 died of illness in the hospital.

At this time the effects of sulphate of quinine were known, but few physicians ventured to employ it. Maillot had interested himself in the new remedy, and going to Bone in the medical service of the government he resolved to see if it would not reduce the frightful mortality, which was one to every three and one-half men who entered the hospital. At first he employed the quinine merely as an adjunct to the bleeding. He soon found that bleeding was killing the men and that quinine was saving them. Little by little he left off bleeding, to the great scandal of the medical profession. Exactly in proportion as the bleeding ceased the deaths in the hospital decreased. In two years the deaths fell off from one in three and one-half of all who entered the hospital to one in twenty-six, and finally to one in forty-six.

Maillot, quite naturally enough, grew to be the earnest opponent of bleeding, but he was so ceaselessly vilified by members of the medical profession that he became embittered toward his colleagues. Nearly thirty years passed before Maillot saw the complete triumph of his ideas. Doctors continued to bleed their patients heartily for all manner of ills. But in 1860 Maillot was made commander of the Legion of Honor and chief of the medical staff of the French army, and his influence, with others, in bringing about a veritable revolution in the practice of medicine was fully recognized.—Pearson's Weekly.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Why It Falls on the 1st of January Instead of March 1 or April 1.

Why is New Year's day, anyhow? On the face of it the Chinese method of beginning in April, when nature wakes up from the winter, appears more appropriate. The Romans in the earlier days of the republic were of the same opinion and commenced their year on March 1. September, October, November and December were then in actual fact the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months as their names would still have them. Nevertheless the present reckoning of the year is of respectable age. The change was first made in the year 153 B. C. simply because the consuls assumed office on Jan. 1, and it was the custom to call each year after the consuls then in power.

The January convention fell into disuse in the time of the Merovingians, who returned to the 1st of March. Under Charlemagne, as had been formerly the case with the Gauls, the year began at Christmas. In England March 25 became New Year's day soon after the Norman conquest and remained so until the Gregorian calendar was adopted in 1752. Indeed the chancellor of the exchequer and those who depend on him still observe the old Chinese year.—Pearson's Weekly.

Trout.

A trout is a trout from the day it is born, but not until it gets into the ocean is a salmon a salmon. While it lives in a river it is a parr. On the western coast August and September are the months for the principal run of salmon. Early fall is the season for eastern trout, followed by the German brown and Loch Leven in the late fall. Winter and early spring are the season for rainbow trout, and along in February comes the eastern brook trout, which is followed by lake trout and mykiss, commonly known as cutthroat trout, from a peculiar red marking on the throat.—New York Herald.

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OVER THE WIRE

By ROSE ELLEN THOMAS

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When Jim Lee, the village carpenter and a widower, died, people felt sorry for his daughter Molly and wondered how she would get along. They did more, for a wonder. A number of them so interested themselves that she was made telephone operator at Sandsville with a good weekly salary. She made her home with a neighbor, and things went on very well with her.

Molly Lee was a girl of twenty, and if she hadn't married before her father's death it was not because of the lack of opportunity. Why she didn't was her own affair. Why she attended strictly to business afterward and had no beaux was also her own affair, but the villagers winked and nodded to each other and said it would come around by and by.

At Stapleton, twenty-eight miles away, James Williams opened a store about the time Mr. Lee died. He had much telephoning to do in various directions, and he called up Sandsville at least once a day. When he heard the new voice over the telephone he liked the sound of it. The more he heard of it the better he liked it.

As he was a bachelor and as he was charged with having an eye open for

HE ANTICIPATED THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE "GIRL" SHE BLUSHED OUT.

a wife it would not have been strange had he written to a friend at Sandsville to introduce him to that girl with a sweet voice at the telephone office, but he did nothing of the kind. He could have stepped aboard the train any day and gone and seen for himself, but he did not do that.

Bachelors have their romances as well as young men and maidens. He built up a romance around the "Hello!" voice, and after a few weeks he would have wanted to knock the man down who destroyed it for him. When there was no business on the Sandsville line to call for his opening the telephone he made excuses to do so. He felt he must hear that voice at least once a day, and when he found his romance growing he smiled to himself.

By and by the messages over the wire were not strictly confined to business, according to regulations. The bachelor opened conversations on general subjects, and as he was paying the price exacted by the schedule of rates the girl could hardly snap him off the line. He never asked her name, but he betrayed an interest that brought the blush to her cheek as she carelessly responded: "Yes," "I see," "I guess so," "Indeed."

Sometimes he left his telephone open and sang. It was always a sentimental song, and the girl at the other end of the wire knew that the words were meant for her. At first, when addressing her, he had called her after the name of the town. One day he glided away from that and called her Girly. She was going to reprove him, but he was in a hurry, and she put it off. The reproof never reached him, although he was considered an imprudent fellow to keep on making use of the term.

For a year the bachelor hugged his romance to his soul; then he made up his mind to look for something more material. He put on his Sunday suit one day and went down to Sandsville. Any one on the street would have told him that Miss Molly Lee was in charge of the telephone office and would probably have added that she was the best looking girl in town, but he asked no questions, not even where the office was. He strolled around until he found it for himself, and he kept saying as he strolled:

"Jimmy Williams, you are making an idiot of yourself. Of course Girly is an old maid and homely as a hedge fence, and you will get snapped up in great shape for your check. Better go back and keep your illusion."

But he entered the telephone office instead, and the first glance at the woman behind the desk sent his heart down into his boots. Just as he had feared, she was an old maid. She was an old maid who was having trouble with a soft corn that day, and a man who stuttered had just left the office after vainly seeking to send a message, and she did not like the way the man from Stapleton looked at her.

"Well?" she blurted out as he stood there looking around in a helpless way.

"Name is Williams of Stapleton," he answered.

"Well, what of that?"

"I—I have done considerable telephoning to this office during the past year."

"And have you got any complaints to make?"

"N'm."

"Then what?"

"I thought— That is, I—I"—

"Have you been drinking, sir?" demanded the old maid in a voice full of carpet tacks and pounded glass.

"N-n-n-n-o!" stuttered Mr. Williams after a great effort.

"Then you are going to have paresis and had best consult a doctor!"

Mr. Williams withdrew and went over and sat down in the shade of the grocery steps. A bobtailed dog came along and tried to make friends with him, but he would not respond. One of the hogs sauntering about the village streets approached and grunted amiably, but was kicked at in response. The groceryman came out and, rubbing his hands together, observed that he had just laid in a new stock of crackers and herring, but the bachelor never even thanked him for calling his attention to the fact.

By and by, when the cold chill of disappointment had passed away, he got up and walked to the depot and took the train for home. His romance had been shattered and buried, and he felt small and mean over it. There was only one thing left to wonder over. How on earth could that old maid have disguised her voice as she had when talking with him? He thought over the matter for two or three days and then dismissed it.

During the next two weeks the merchant had considerable telephoning to do, but none of it was in the direction of Sandsville. Not once was that office called up, and there was a saving of at least $3 on tolls. Then there came a day that the office had to be called up, and as the bachelor took down the trumpet he made up his mind that if it was possible to do so he would give that old maid a rap.

"Yes, this is Sandsville," came the answer in a voice that made him jump. It was the clear, sweet voice he had been accustomed to.

"I, what"— he began and then stopped.

"Yes?"

"I want Jackson's dry goods store after a while, but just now I want some thing else."

"What is it?"

"Have—have you got two voices?"

"Why, of course not. What a funny question!"

"Are there two of you, then?"

"No; I'm all alone here."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed to himself, but he heard a giggle from the other end of the line, and the same voice he liked to hear said:

"Shall I call up the store now?"

"Not yet. Say, I was down at Sandsville the other day."

"Yes?"

"I called at the telephone office."

"Did you?"

"And you wanted to know if I had been drinking."

"Oh, Mr. Williams!"

"And when I said no you advised me to consult a doctor for paresis."

"Did she say that? I'm sorry. I was ill for a week and had to get Miss Andrews to take my place, and she is pretty short with people."

"And it wasn't you in the office that day?"

"Of course not."

"Then—then"—

"Then you want the store?"

"Not by a jugful! I want you, and I shall be down off the afternoon train!"

"But, Mr. Williams"—

But Mr. Williams was hurrying to the depot to catch the train and an hour later was in Sandsville. Three months later he got what he came for, and everybody says it was a good match.

"Rubbing It In."

When Mrs. Morse after a lapse of thirty years met her old schoolmate, Mrs. Graham, in the guise of a summer visitor to Aldersfield she made up her mind to one thing—Lydia Graham's measure of worldly prosperity had been large, but not for one moment would Mary Ann Morse allow her to feel "set up."

It was with the intention of reducing any possible pride that might be lurking behind Lydia Graham's placid countenance that Mrs. Morse held her off at arm's length when the first affectionate greeting had been exchanged.

"How far you've grown, Lydy!" said Mary Ann Morse, holding her little figure erect as a small stuff tree.

Mrs. Graham smiled contentedly, and Mrs. Morse saw that her thrust had done no harm.

"And yet—and yet you're wrinkled in spite of it," said this determined old friend. And then she gave Lydia Graham's flushed cheeks a consoling kiss.

A Ghost Story.

The power of imagination is strongly illustrated in the following ghost story: One of the most famous murder cases in Australia was discovered by the ghost of the murdered man sitting on the rail of a dam (Australian for horse pond) into which his body had been thrown. Numberless people saw it, and the crime was duly brought home. Years after a dying man making his confession said that he invented the ghost. He witnessed the crime, but was threatened with death if he divulged it, as he wished to, and the only way he saw out of the impasse was to affect to see the ghost where the body would be found. As soon as he started the story, such is the power of nervousness that numerous other people began to see it until its fame reached such dimensions that a search was made and the body found and the murderers brought to justice.

SACRED ANIMALS.

The Way the Brute World Is Regarded by Natives of India.

In this pets are not royal, but celestial. To write of animals in the land which keeps its Vedic prayers and forgot the names of its emperors, one must have solid ground and ascend to heaven, must speak in poetry, not prose, in hyperbole rather than in plain speech. The question of animals cannot, indeed, be soberly treated. Everywhere one sees acts toward them that can be explained only by their sacred and legendary importance. One can scarcely believe one's senses. This attitude is not the fantasy of a moment nor the bete blanche, so to speak, of a single author. It is the accumulated national delirium of thousands of years. To detach such animal worship from Indian life is to tear the rug to pieces, and we can weave nothing more beautiful.

The place held by these creatures in India is different from that accorded them in any other country. Every animal is looked upon as but the covering of a spirit. Is not its mind with God? Are not its auras and vibrations purer than ours? May not even the soul of our grandmother look from its eyes? May not we ourselves return to lower than its state if we give it not reverence? Such considerations are not called from obsolete thought, but from the vibrant life and life of India today. Once is always in the orient. "It is your misfortune that you have to talk so much of progress," said a sage to me—"we have progressed."—Edmund Russell in Everybody's.

STAGECOACHES.

The First American Line Was Run in New Jersey in 1744.

As public conveyances or the stagecoach had been in vogue in England since 1610, the establishment of a similar convenience was demanded in America many years before the war for independence. As early as 1744, therefore, a stage line started to run between New Brunswick and Trenton, N. J., and by 1756 this route had been extended over from New York to Philadelphia. Moreover, as in England, so in America, the advent of the stagecoach gave states marked improvements in the highways, while the building of better roads and turnpikes naturally created a greater demand for more coaches and what was more to the purpose, better vehicles. In 1774 there were plying thirty-eight conveyances of every description in the city of Philadelphia, as big by a little margin as had ever been seen in the country, three-fourths of which were comparatively light vehicles, a coupé of which had one of the local papers to publish a most deprecatory article concerning the use of conveyances, in which it was stated that the custom of riding was then being carried to such extravagances that "even farmers want carriages."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Take Care of Your Teeth.

All decay of the teeth begins from without. Consequently if the teeth's surfaces be kept scrupulously clean they cannot decay. Let the child early acquire the habit of using a small toothbrush dipped into cloth flavored with some aromatic thing, and let it understand that the places most needing the brush are those between the teeth. That is the place where decay almost invariably appears. Mucous secretions and secretions of food are always found between the teeth after a meal. They may be removed with a toothpick. It is almost an art to use a toothpick. One must beware of injuring the fleshy parts and leaving splinters, which in some cases may cause the loss of a tooth. Metal toothpicks should be altogether avoided. Those of dull and hard wood are best.—London Lancet.

Joke of the Deep Sea.

"The sea's pressure is almost incredible," said the clubman. "If you descended deep enough it would crush you, bones and all, to a mass of reddish mud. Off Sicily we ran out of ice, and some one suggested that to cool the champagne for dinner we lower it a half mile or so into the sea's depths.

"This was done, and at dinner time the three bottles came up delightfully cold. But when we opened them we found that they contained nothing but salt water. The sea's pressure had forced the water in through the pores in the corks, displacing the lighter liquid."—New York Press.

Take a Felon in Time.

If you have the appearance of a felon coming put some hardwood ashes in an old tin cup, pour over them warm water, immerse the end of the sore finger in the ashes, set the dish on some live coals or on top of the stove, keeping the finger in as long as you can, and soak it several times a day. If taken in time it generally cures a felon from coming if the finger is wet with it often.

After a Tussle.

"Well," demanded Miss Starvem at the back door, "what do you want?"

"Why," replied the tramp, "I seen you advertise 'table board' in this mornin's paper"—

"Well?"

"Well, I fought mebbe yer wuz givin' out some samples."—Philadelphia Press.

Had Him Held.

Pa Twaddles—I can't see why that young idiot who is calling on Molly hasn't sense enough to go. It's midnight. Tommy Twaddles—Twain't his fault. He can't go, sister's settin' on him.—Cleveland Leader.

There is no policy like politeness, since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed.—Magoon.

Chasing a Hat

By C. B. Lewis

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Arnold Thompson, bachelor of forty, was bored. He was bored because the warm weather had come, and he must go away to some resort; because he had to buy a new straw hat; because he had tried the roof gardens and they had offered nothing new; because he had indolently tried to flirt with a good looking girl that day on the street and she had exhibited her contempt; because of a dozen other reasons belonging to bachelorhood.

When Arnold Thompson bought a hat it was an event. He argued that the fate of a nation depended on the appearance of that hat when placed on his head, and he was therefore a full hour in making his selection. It was an hour of anxiety to him and an hour of misery to the salesman who waited on him. On this day, however—a hot day when he strolled into his hatter's and made his wants known something out of the ordinary was to happen. The bachelor had tried on only nineteen different hats and had posed before the glass only nineteen different times, when he made a discovery under the sweatband of the nineteenth hat. It was a slip of paper, and on it was written in a feminine hand:

If the buyer of this hat is a single man and a gentleman, he may write to Genevieve Burton.

No address was added, and as the bachelor held the slip in his hand a thrill of romance began to creep into his soul. That's what he had been yearning for for years—romance. He had had it from twenty to thirty, but lost it from thirty to forty and came to the conclusion that his heart never could be stirred again.

"If the buyer of this hat is a single man"—

Well, he was single. He was not only single, but called rather good looking, and he had a fairly good income.

—"and a gentleman"—

Well, he was a gentleman, and no one could be found to dispute the fact. What should follow? He would write to Genevieve Burton. The name pleased him, and as he stood there with the nineteenth straw hat in one hand and the slip in the other he called up a vision of a handsome face and a curly head and a willowy form. He had no business to think Genevieve good looking, curly headed or willowy, but he assumed the responsibility and said to the salesman, much to the latter's surprise:

"I'll take this hat."

"But is it a good fit?"

"I said I would take this hat. Send it home."

As a matter of fact, the hat was not a good fit, and the bachelor had meant to pass over at least nineteen others, but it struck him that he must have the hat as well as the slip of paper found beneath its sweatband. The two naturally went together.

As soon as he reached his club he sat down to write to Genevieve. He found it a hard task. She was a brazier of straw hats; she lived far away; she was innocent hearted; she couldn't be invited to take a ride in his auto or to accompany him to the theater and dinner; she was a coy, shy country blue bird and must not be startled. The bachelor started three different letters and abandoned them and then suddenly discovered that he had no address to write to. But why write at all? Why not chase that hat down until the fair brazier was discovered?

A decision was reached in an instant, and half an hour later the man was back at the hat store asking where the hat was made. He was referred to a wholesale dealer. The dealer said that the hat was part of a small stock bought at auction and referred him to an auctioneer. The auctioneer looked his books over and took his time about it and then "reckoned" it was a Smith hat.

The investigation thus far had consumed ten days, but Arnold Thompson had rather enjoyed them. The detective instinct is more or less strong in the character of every man, and when romance is mingled with it it becomes even more fascinating.

The bachelor flattered himself that he was a student of human nature and that he could get an insight into a person's character through his chirography. He sized Genevieve up as warm hearted, trusting, hopeful and high minded. She probably had been born and reared in affluence, but owing to her father's too extensive speculations in the Texas oil fields, where there was no oil, she had been obliged to turn to straw hats to make a living. It was a shame, and he sympathized with her from the bottom of his heart. He had always said that he would not marry, but—

Arnold Thompson took the 6 train for Hingham. He visited every hat factory in the place, but all were in full blast on the hat. He was told that it would be impossible to get in any one of them at any price. One manufacturer mentioned, and the only thing to do was to give up further pursuit of Genevieve or pursue his quest.

He decided at once to pursue. He always had been flattered by women running after him; now he was running after one of the opposite sex, and there was something novel in the change. He went to Massachusetts and was sent on to Vermont. There they sent him over into Canada, and he reached Canada to be told that Michigan was his likely field.

This occupied a full month. The bachelor did not travel by lightning express. He stopped on the way to think of Genevieve and take his Turkish baths and get his nails manicured. [illegible] Michigan at last, however. He had never set eyes on the Maumee river at Toledo then he began to be hopeful. During the ride of eighty miles to Detroit he saw lazy cattails and much marsh grass and other things of which straw hats are made, and his hopes continued to increase.

Arriving at the City of the Straits, the bachelor located the only hat factory in town and then went to his hotel to make ready for an interview on the morrow. He was alternating between fear and hope when a drummer with whom he fell in reached for his hat in the familiar way drummers have on two minutes' acquaintance and looked it over and said:

"Once in awhile one of you New York fellers shows a little common sense in articles of dress."

"How do you mean?"

"This is the best straw hat made, and it was made right here in this little burg."

That settled it, and a bland and complacent smile broke over the face of the bachelor. He could forgive the innuendo because his long chase was at last ended. In the language of Sherlock Holmes, he had run his quarry to earth, and the morrow would bring a crisis. Mr. Arnold Thompson realized that he was off on a tangent. He had the reputation of being a cool and imperturbable fellow, one who never lost his head about women, but he had to acknowledge that he had made a fool of himself in this affair—that is, all his friends would say so. He had some excuses for his own ear, and if they were not sufficient he wasn't going to admit the fact.

At 10 o'clock the next morning the bachelor started for the hat factory. He intended to walk right in and talk about hats and, perhaps, pass himself off as a retailer. It was a small concern, employing only about half a dozen women, so says the hatter purchased somewhere else. The business office and the workshop were in one and the romancist fluttered to find a woman about forty years old in charge. She explained that the boss had just stepped out and asked what was wanted.

Mr. Thompson began to talk about hats, and he was making slow work of it when one of the girls came forward, and said to the woman:

"Excuse me, Mrs. Burton, but am I sewing this right?"

"Are you Genevieve Burton?" asked the bachelor as she turned to him again.

"I—I am," she replied as she tried to blush.

"You—you wrote your name and slipped it behind the sweatband of this hat?"

"I did, sir."

"W-what was your object?"

"Just a trick of the trade. I am paid $2 a week extra for that. That's why we call it the *Romance* hat. We have sent out 12,000 hats, and every one has my name in. Has it given you a backache to find out where the hat was made?"

"Never again, Genevieve — never again will I believe in woman or romance!" exclaimed Arnold Thompson in his most tragic tones. And an hour later he was fleeing the town and trying to make himself believe that he was traveling to broaden his ideas on his own country.

The Good Old Fashioned Game.

Uncle Hiram was bewailing the degeneracy of modern sports. "Look at baseball," he said. "There ain't half the fun in it there was when I was a young man. Nowadays the fellers with the bat don't seem to be able to do anything with the ball. There's lots of games when they don't make a run.

"I mind the time when I belonged to the Fernaughts of Prairietown. There was a club up in Heddingville that thought they could beat us without half trying. They challenged us, and we took 'em up. They come down one morning with a whole carload of people from Heddingville to see 'em wipe us out.

"Well, sir, we begun playing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The game wasn't finished at noon, and we quit for dinner. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we went at it again, and mighty nigh the whole town went out to the pasture where we was playing to see the game.

"First one side would get ahead and then the other. Batting? You never saw such batting in your life. There was more than two dozen home runs. It was close on to 5 o'clock when the last man was put out. But we beat 'em. We took the conceit out of them fellers, and they never challenged us again."

"But what was the score, Uncle Hiram?" asked one of the listeners.

"Ninety-seven to 99," proudly answered Uncle Hiram, "and I made 15 of them runs myself. Think of that when you hear about a '1 to 0' game in fifteen innings! I tell you, we could hit the ball in them days!"

Absinth.

Absinth is a spirit flavored with the pounded leaves and flowering tops of certain species of artemisia, chiefly *wormwood*, together with angelica root, sweet flag root, star anise and other aromatics. The aromatics are macerated for about eight days in alcohol and then distilled, the result being a green colored liquor. Adulteration is largely practiced, usually with the essential oils of other herbs, but even blue vitriol is sometimes found in so called absinth. Its effect upon either man or woman not actively engaged in manual work of some kind must be dangerous. It makes the brain dull and unreliable. Under its effects the merest glimpses of mental sunshine are immediately followed by prolonged periods of dejection. Sensible persons are safest if they never touch absinth.—Exchange.

THE CINNAMON.

How the Bark Is Prepared for Use.

The cinnamon tree is a native of Ceylon, where it grows to the height of from [illegible] sometimes [illegible] in height. The leaves are [illegible] in length, oval [illegible] with three [illegible] very much like [illegible] ers are of a [illegible] outside and [illegible] inside. The fruit [illegible] acorn shaped drupe, and when [illegible] is quite brown.

It is, however, the bark of the cinnamon tree that makes it valuable. The finest comes from the island of Ceylon, where they have two seasons of cinnamon harvest. The first season begins in April and the last in November. The branches of three to five years' growth are cut down, and the epidermis is carefully scraped away. Then the bark is ripped up lengthwise with a knife and gradually loosened until it may be easily removed.

The slices of bark are then placed in the sun to dry, and as they dry they curl up into quills. The next thing is to examine and arrange the cinnamon according to its quality. The persons who see to it is to examine the cinnamon are obliged for this purpose to taste and chew it, although in a short time it produces a very painful effect on their mouths and tongues.

As the cinnamon quills are examined the smaller ones are inserted into the larger, and the whole is then tied up in bundles weighing about eighty-eight pounds each.

In Ceylon the oil of cinnamon is usually prepared by grinding the coarsest pieces of bark, soaking this powder in sea water for two or three days and then distilling. Two oils pass over, one lighter the other heavier than water.

THE ANTELOPE.

His Two White Patches That Act as a Signal Code.

Visitors to the circus and menagerie have noticed the two white patches on antelopes. Those spots are a signal which can be read by the animals which have noses to smell. Even animals whose sense of smell has been lost can read the message which the antelope gives to warn his friends of danger.

The hairs on these patches are long, white and ordinarily point downward. Among the roots of the hair is a gland which secretes a strong musk. Underneath the skin at this point is a broad sheet of muscles which have the power to raise these hairs so that they stand out at all angles like the petals of a huge white chrysanthemum. When an antelope sees danger his muscle acts and the patch flashes out like snow. In the middle of each is a dark brown spot, the musk gland, which frees a great quantity of the musk which can be detected down the wind for a long distance by another antelope. Even man can distinguish this danger signal for some yards.

The antelope has five different sets of glands, each giving forth a different kind of musk for use in its daily life as a means of getting or giving intelligence. The two in the middle of each rump patch has been explained, but the purposes of the others have not yet been fully accounted for.

Evolution of a Name.

An amusing account is given of the evolution of a name. A man named Halfpenny lived in Dublin at the end of the eighteenth century. Having been very successful in business, his children persuaded him to change his name to a more dignified one, which he did by dropping the last letter. In the course of time the orthography was also changed, and when the man died he was buried as Mr. Halpen. The fortunes of the family increased still further, and the son soon dropped the "H." The next transition was an equally easy one, and he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny came out as Kenneth MacAlpin, the descendant of a hundred kings.—London Queen.

A Story of Thackeray.

There is a story of Thackeray shortly after the publication of "Vanity Fair" dining with a friend and receiving an interruption to his next neighbor, "Captain Crawley of the Life guards." Thackeray looked greatly annoyed, scarcely opened his lips to this gentleman, and afterward told his host in an aggrieved tone that he liked a joke as well as any man, but there was a time and a place for all things. No joking allusion to a character of his novel had, however, been designed or perpetrated. The fellow guest actually was a Captain Crawley and held a commission in the Life guards.

Where Gannets Swarm.

One of the most remarkable sights in the world is Bird island, in South Africa, for the reason that during some months of the year it is literally covered with gannets. Not a foot of ground is to be seen anywhere. Day after day thousands of gannets strut around, and they are so close to each other that the whole island seems actually alive. Those who have seen this sight say that it is one which can never be forgotten.

A Joiner.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that in these days there is no hope for the man who lacks initiative."

"I know it," replied her hostess. "That must be one reason why Josiah has such wonderful success. He gets initiated in something new nearly every week."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Clashing Interests.

Agent—I'd like to sell you this bottle of mosquito exterminator. Mr. Jackson—No, sir-ee! I'm a manufacturer of mosquito netting.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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A BIT OF WHITMAN.

His Debt to Scott and an Estimate of Cooper.

How much I am indebted to Scott no one can tell—I couldn't tell it myself—but it has permeated me through and through. If you could reduce the "Leaves" to their elements, you would see Scott unmistakably active at the roots. I remember the "Tales of My Landlord," "Ivanhoe," "The Fortunes of Nigel"—yes, and "Kenilworth"—its great pageantry; then there's "The Heart of Midlothian," which I have read a dozen times and more.

I might say just about the same thing about Cooper too. He has written books which will survive into the farthest future. Try to think of literature, of the world, of boys, today, without "Natty Bumppo," "The Spy," "The Red Rover"—oh, "The Red Rover!" It used to stir me up diabolike. I read it many times. Is all this old fashioned? I am not sworn to the old things, not at all; but is not to old things at the expense of new, but some of the oldest things are the newest. I should not refuse to see and welcome any one who came to violate the precedents—on the contrary, I am looking about for just such men, but a lot of the fresh things are not new; they are only repetitions, after all. They do not seem to take life forward, but to take it back.

I look for the things that take life forward—the new things, the old things that take life forward. Scott, Cooper, such men, always, perpetually, as a matter of course, always take life forward, take each new generation forward.—From Horace Traubel's "With Walt Whitman in Camden" in Century.

AN ANNUAL HONEYMOON.

The Kind of Vacation a Man and His Wife Should Take.

The man came back from his vacation with shining eyes and a tendency to laugh at the least provocation.

He said he had had a good time. He said he and his wife had just been loafing about from place to place. He said he hadn't bothered to think about his work and his wife hadn't bothered to think about housekeeping.

The man has been married a good many years. His eyes haven't shone like that for a long time. He didn't laugh so much before he went away. He seemed to be better acquainted with his wife than was noticeable before. The changes are he has been discovering her all over again in these weeks of leisure from hard work. And it's done him good.

That is one of the reasons of a vacation, and that is why a man and his wife should go away together. In the hurly burly of the everyday routine we sometimes lose sight of the finest things in life. We work in order that we may have the companionship of those we love best, and then we lose ourselves in the work itself, and so miss the very joys our labor was intended to purchase.

It is a good thing to run away from the work once in awhile and remember what we are working for anyway.

That is what the man had been doing, and that is why he got the good out of his vacation.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Most Tedious Reading.

The proofreader took off his glasses, wiped his tired eyes and put his hat on. "I'll go out and take a walk," he said, "I have been working two hours on these time tables, and that is all my nerves will stand. No work is harder, more tedious or more wearing than this time table proofreading. So much, you see, depends upon accuracy. If in the proofreading of a book an error or two are made, a laugh or a frown is the only consequence, but an error in a time table may mean a disaster. Sometimes we go over a time table seventy and eighty times before we finally O. K. it. We get to know the time table by heart. We can rattle off the trains—2:07, 3:14, 3:26 and so on—like phonographs. How wearing the work is! In a busy season I have lost four pounds in a week."

Recent and Extinct Animals.

"It is a great mistake to conclude that it is a law of nature that recent animals are all small and insignificant as compared with their representatives in the past," says a scientist. "That is simply not true. Recent horses are bigger than extinct ones and much bigger than the three toed and four toed ancestors of horses. Recent elephants are as big as any that have existed and much bigger than their early elephantine ancestors. There never has been any creature of any kind—mammal, reptile, bird or fish—in any geological period we know of so big as some of the existing whales."

The World as We Look at It.

When we look at the world in a narrow way, how small it seems! When we look at it in a mean way, how mean it is! When we look at it selfishly, how selfish it is! But when we look at it with a broad, generous and helpful spirit, what a beautiful world it is, and what wonderful people we find in it! Boston Christian Register.

Bad Diagnosis.

Willie—What's the matter with papa's eyes, mamma? Mamma—Nothing that I know of, Willie. Willie—Well, I heard him tell Mr. Jones that he had to have an eye opener every morning.—Yonkers Herald.

Consistent.

Blobbs—Wigwag is always going to law about something. Slobbs—That's right. He's even going to marry a girl named Sue.

Nothing serves better to illustrate a man's character than the things which he finds ridiculous.—Goethe.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Executor's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Samuel Barnes, late of Hamlin township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same, without delay, to

JENNIE BARNES, Executrix.
P. O. Address, Hazelhurst, Pa.

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that are perfectly sanitary are the only ones we figure on. Our plumbing work in that contemplated building will enhance its value. Get our figures before doing that job. You'll regret it if you don't.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF Z. T. CARL, late of KEATING TOWNSHIP, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of McKean county, the undersigned, Administrator of said decedent, will expose at public sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 30th day of January, A. D. 1906, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m. the following described messuage and tracts of land.

1st—All that certain piece or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of lot No. 32 of the allotment of Bingham lands in Keating Township, conveyed to Willis Barrett; thence along the south line of said lot North 88 degrees west, about 104 perches; thence along the east line of lots Nos. 201 and 197 conveyed to Alfred J. Bond, south 1½ degrees west 81 perches; thence along the north line of lot No. 198, also conveyed to Alfred J. Bond aforesaid, south 88½ degrees east 101.2 perches; thence along the last above lot No. 198 conveyed to Isaac Brewer, north 1½ degrees east 80 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 81.2 acres strict measure, be the same more or less, and being lot No. 33 Bingham lands in Keating Township, and parts of Warrants Nos. 3055 and 2239. Being the same premises conveyed to Zachariah T. Carl by William Bingham trustees, by deed dated July 28th, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 57, page 350 McKean County records; unimproved land, but well timbered.

2nd—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 36 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in Keating Township now owned and occupied by Otis Irons; thence along the west line of said lot south ¼ degrees west 81.6 perches; thence along the north line of lot No. 24 of said allotment south 88½ degrees west 108 perches; thence south 8 perches, and now west 2 degrees west 22.6 perches; thence along the east line of lot No. 35 of said allotment, north ¼ degrees east 91.5 perches; thence along the south line of lot No. 24 of said allotment, south 88½ east 133 perches; thence south 88 degrees east 24.7 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 58.8 acres of land, with the usual allowance of 6 for roads, be the same more or less, it being lot No. 25 of the allotment of Bingham lands in Keating Township, and part of Warrants Nos. 3055 and 2239. Being the same premises conveyed to Zachariah T. Carl by C. H. Swarthout and wife by deed dated November 11th, 1885, and recorded in Deed Book 50, at page 519. Improved and having thereon one and one-half story framed house, 0 x large frame barn with lean to, and outbuildings, a quantity of fruit trees, and well watered.

Terms of sale one-third of the purchase price down and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys.

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DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa

Notice of Administration.

In the estate of the Reverend P. Cosgrave, deceased, Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the Reverend P Cosgrove, deceased, late of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, to James A. McKean, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

JAMES A. McKEAN,
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 7, 1905. Administrator.

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE,

On TUESDAY, JAN. 2nd, 1906,

we will inaugurate our customary Half Yearly Clearance Sale.

This sale will include the entire stock of Clothing, Men's and Boys' and many articles of furnishings.

The store will not be closed.

No canvas signs will obscure the windows.

No shouter will proclaim the merits of the goods to the audience of buyers.

No Brass Band will herald the event.

Although the occasion and prices is one that merits the use of every such means to bring to your attention the one GENUINE and HONEST sale that claims your attention on two occasions each year—we will initiate this event in a quiet but most thorough manner.

The show on this occasion will be all on the inside—not on the bill boards—for we have prepared, and the proclamation has gone to each department to gather together all broken lines, all short ends and odd sizes and place them on sale, to be sold at a price that won't fail to interest the man, woman or boy with a dollar to spend.

Still we will see to it that you are kept informed about this sale, through the newspapers and with circulars.

And we would advise that you do not spend a cent until you have seen this stock.

We will bring to your attention lists and prices that show marked reductions upon goods that are not only worth their face value, but would claim a premium if compared in quality with the product that we may expect for the coming season.

In the face of a rapidly rising market in all woolen goods, for several seasons and a deteriation in the quality of the fabric used in the manufacture of ready-to-wear garments—this offering doubles in importance to those who desire clothing that has merit for wear and staying qualities.

Some idea of just how far we have gone in the reduction of prices will be gained by a glance at the following lists.

Cold type cannot portray the solid merits of the qualities herewith mentioned—but these simple statements in plain English will be verified when you come.

LOT 1—BOY'S SUITS—Single breasted, with vests, ages 9 to 16 years, marked $4, $5, $6 and up to $10. Now Half Price.

LOT 2—BOYS' REEFERS—Blue serge and chevriots, lined with red flannel, ages 3 to 9 years, marked $5 and $6, now $2.98

LOT 3—CHILDREN'S REEFERS—Astrakan in brown, red and tan colors, 3 to 6 yrs. marked $4 to $7, now $1.98

LOT 4—CHILDREN'S REEFERS Covert and melton, 3 to 6 years, marked $5, $6, $7; now $2.48

LOT 5—BOYS' OVERCOATS—Covert cloth in light tan shades, medium length 8 to 14 years, marked $6, $7; now $3.48

LOT 6—BOYS' OVERCOATS—Style as Lot 5, ages 14 to 19 years, marked $9 to $15; now $5.98

LOT 7—BOYS' OVERCOATS—Fine melton, 6 to 16 years, marked $8, $9, $10; now $4.98

LOT 8—BOYS' OVERCOATS—Frizzes and kerseys and chinchilla, 4 to 14 years, marked $6 to $7.50; now $3.98

LOT 9—BOYS' OVERCOATS same description as Lot 8, marked $5; now $2.98

LOT 10—YOUNG MEN'S MEDIUM LONG OVERCOATS—15 to 20 years, marked $10 and $12; now $6.98

LOT 11—CHILD'S VEST SUITS—Ages 2½ to 6 years, marked $3.50 to $6, choice $1.98

LOT 12—CHILD'S NORFOLK SUITS—Red, green, brown and mixtures, 3 to 7 years, marked $5 and $6; now $2.98

LOT 13—BUSTER BROWN AND SAILOR SUITS—1½ to 6 years, in various plain colors and fancy mixtures; marked $5, $6, $7; now $3.48

LOT 14—CHILD'S BLOUSE SUITS in light fancy mixtures, 3 to 6 years, marked $4 and $4.50; now $2.98

LOT 15—BOYS' SUITS—double breasted, two piece short pants, ages 9 to 16 years, marked $5 to $8; now $3.48

LOT 16—MEN'S SUITS, including an assortment of nearly 100 Suits in worsteds and cheviots and cassimeres, in fancy mixtures and plain colors and black, will be sold at the following scale and here is one bargain that won't be duplicated in a long time:

Marked $10 Suits, now $5.98

Marked $12 Suits now $6.98

Marked $15 Suits, now $8.48

Marked $14 Suits, now $7.98

Marked $18 Suits, now $9.48

LOT 17—MEN'S OVERCOATS, $20 and $22, now 14.98

Men's Overcoats $18, now $12.98

Men's Overcoats $15, now $10.98

Men's Overcoats, $12, now $8.48

Men's Overcoats $10, now $6.98

LOT 18—MEN'S HATS, SOFT—brown, gun metal, tan and pearl shades, marked $2.50, $3 and $3.50; now $1.29

LOT 19—MEN'S FINE UNDERWEAR—ribbed worsted, blue, brown and pink, marked $3, now $1.48

LOT 20—MEN'S WOOL UNDERWEAR—striped fine ribbed, blue and white, pink and white, lavender and white, marked $2.50; now $1.49

LOT 21—$1 00 NECKWEAR now 50c

LOT 22—PADDED MUFFLERS—marked $2 and $1.50, now 98c

LOT 23—MEN'S STIFF SHIRTS up-to-date patterns, marked $1; now 79c

Marked $1.50; now 98c

LOT 24—MEN'S OVERCOATS—in light and medium mixtures, with and without belt, strictly up-to-date, marked $25; now $16.78

The above is only the beginning of a list that will be fully four times larger when completed—when all of the small lots are brought into sight.

Circumstances—weather conditions over which we have no control, has handicapped the sale of Winter, so now at the very beginning of colder weather we are overstocked with choicest goods this market affords.

Thus our earnest effort to reduce stock while the season is young.

There'll be rare picking for early comers—so don't delay.

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